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45

MILITARISM AND SANITY

CHARLES VALE

THE ominous conditions that this country is now facing have induced many misleaders of the public to come forward and repeat the blatant nonsense so characteristic of dwarfed minds. We have been told in the past, *ad nauseam,* that war can only be avoided by preparing for it; that elaborate military and naval machines are the sole guarantees of peace; and that the mailed fist, ready at any moment to shatter into dust all the hard-won achievements of civilization, can alone expect courteous attention in the councils of the world. These doctrines have been revived now, in the very shadow of the most convincing refutation that could be given to them. All the nations of Europe had joined, in a greater or less degree, in the terrible race for increased armaments and increased destructive powers. The results of that so-called insurance against war can be seen rather plainly on the map of Europe. But it is probably hopeless to argue with the militarist maniacs. The wars that they prepare for, and invite, lie at their own door; and even they themselves must see, in occasional intervals of sanity, that militarism breeds murder, and that the true patriots are those who, rationally and with full regard to the difficulties of the time, attempt to make such murder less and less probable, by appealing to the only power that can be allowed ultimately to prevail—the power of an enlightened public opinion.

Yet, because many of us believe in peace, not merely as an ideal, a vision, but as an attainable and most practicable basis for international relations, it does not follow that we believe in disregarding the present state of the world and the peoples of the world. It is our duty—the duty of all thinking people—

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to work steadfastly for the victory of reason over intolerance; to oppose every attempt to rivet more firmly the fetters of militarism; to demand, as the right of humanity, that the nations shall learn to live together in peace, friendship and comprehension. But it is our duty also, considering the appalling barbarism that has devastated Europe, to make it very sure that our women and children shall not be compelled to bear witness, as so many others have done, to the utter ruthlessness of war and the ultimate price of militarism.

It is not necessary, however, to imitate the professional alarmists and insist upon an immediate reversal of the whole policy of the country and an immediate attempt to build up enormous offensive machines. If, out of all the horrors of this war, any enduring good is to emerge, America must be prepared to help by making it clear to the world that she believes in service to humanity—not as a canting phrase, but as a fundamental principle of her national policy. The conditions of our development have made it easier for us than for any other State or collection of States to ignore racial enmities, old-world prejudices, old-time errors. It seems clearly put before us, as our contribution to the history of this century, to show that the charge of materialism is no longer sustainable; that while the material welfare of the country was being established, there was also taking shape and gaining force a national spirit which, divorced from sentimentalism, creeds and conventions, must fulfil itself in ways that nations have not always understood. We want nothing for ourselves that we are not willing to give to others. We care nothing for the jeers and sneers of those who are enclosed in their provincialism as in a coffin. We have no policy of aggression, no plans for self-aggrandizement. To all who will treat with us on an equal footing, with a similar desire to avoid injustice and promote the well-being of mankind, we offer our friendship and good will, and, if need be, our good services.

It would seem impossible, then, for us to become fatally imbroiled with any State not guilty of deliberate and unpardonable provocation. We have it in our power, without recourse to war, to exert such pressure as should ensure redress and

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prevent the repetition of hostile acts. But even if the worst should happen, and the conditions of our day and the crudity of militarism should involve us in armed conflict with another country, there is no need for hysteria or ranting. Naturally, the militarists, having done everything possible to make war more probable, will attempt to transfer the blame to those who have worked for peace, and the cry will go out to the heavens, "If we had had an enormous army and an enormous navy, peace would have been ensured."

That absurd contention has already been dismissed. We do not want an enormous army and an enormous navy. It is an *efficient* army and an *efficient* navy that we require; and if the money that has been voted in the past had been properly expended, such an army and navy would now have been at the service of the country, not as a menace to other nations, but as an adequate police force. No country has a right to maintain a standing army of greater strength than would be needed for home defence. It would seem, in the light of recent events, that no country is justified at present in maintaining a standing army of less strength.

With such an army and such a navy as a basis, and with proper coast defences, the exigencies of war times could be left safely to the spirit which war arouses in men. It is not the magnitude of preparations, but the efficiency with which they are carried out, that counts in such a country as this. The military lessons of the war have been noted: the importance of aircraft and submarines, the use of mined waters, the dominance of the big gun, the development of the trench, the necessity for organization, for adequate supplies. So long as it is popular to think in terms of murder, it is well to think also in terms of efficiency. But efficiency does not mean lavish expenditure and panicstricken efforts to repair the administrative failures of Government departments. It does not mean that the truths of pacifism are to be disregarded. Rather, men's minds will be drawn increasingly to the questions, By whom and by what are such preparations made necessary? Why should man need to arm against his brother, as against a wild beast? Why should

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the world still endure the degrading tyranny of militarism and the militarists?

If this terrible war does not result in the overthrow of militarism as it has been understood for at least the last half century; if the law of the jungle is to prevail over the law of civilization; if mankind still sees in murder the only ultimate means of settling differences of opinion; if nations are to regard their own interests as dominant and the interests of the rest of the world as negligible; if the mediæval ambitions of individuals or castes are to dominate these new times and nullify modern knowledge and aspirations; if butchery, lust and vandalism are the true marks of the twentieth century, and every people may fashion its own god in its own image:—what, then, will be left for humanity? It is not pleasant to contemplate more militarism, with its crushing exactions; more murder, with its broken hearts and desolated lives; more raping of women and mutilation of children; more drowned babies, maimed and tortured men, and exhausted and devitalized countries.

It is unbelievable that the human race will submit to a recurrence of such barbarism and that force will still be allowed to triumph over right. It is the destiny of these United States to stand now, not for merely national interests, but for the just principles of international morality. Every step that is taken should be taken with reference to the final goal—the elimination of militarism as the nightmare of the world, and the return of mankind to the ways of sanity and peace.

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TO ITALY

JOHN VALENTE

ITALIA! now that your solemn hour has come, we who stand in our far western shore,—loyal sons of loyal sons of your blood,—with heavy hearts, across the wide Atlantic, send to you a message of deep, reverent love. Such is our token; more it is not for us to speak, in praise or blame. Impartial tongues must utter those judging words which in our lips should seem the vainest boasting, the most impious treason. In these bewildering days of strife and conflict, one only truth we know: here in this broad, democratic land of our fathers' adoption, in our bitter need, we have touched the fraternal hand of all mankind. *Henceforth, ours shall ever be the grief of war.* . . .

Yet, O Italy, never have you seemed to us so desirable; never have we felt so complete a need of you. Now, as never before, are we ever mindful of our Latin heritage and the inspiring pride of the noble dead of our race,—the heroes, the saints, and the martyrs. Cicero is ours; Vergil is ours; Galileo, Saint Francis, Dante, Columbus. Remembering the deeds of our own fathers, ours, too, is the triumph of Marsala and the ignominious withdrawal of the last usurper who had defiled your sacred land. If in this supreme hour we seem indifferent, silent, it is the silence of hearts overfraught with sorrow, overflowing with woe.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF TO-MORROW

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET

I

THERE are few more discouraging spectacles in American life than the spectacle of legislative inefficiency. Not only is the ordinary legislator a man of mediocre character, but the whole system in which he works is so organized as to call forth little save the most visionless political ability. We have become hardened to the sorry situation. We express little regret at legislative failures because we have long since ceased to hope for any authentic success. Our Albanys and our Harrisburgs, even our Washingtons, are become the sport of cynic wits. If we were French, we should shrug our shoulders and lift our eyebrows. Being Americans, we turn resignedly to the baseball news.

This is deeply unfortunate for a nation. There can be no social vigor save as there is social pride; no social pride save as there is the enthusiastic confidence in the purposes and power of the group. Our political cynicism is the weak strain in our American life. We shall become great only as we become enthusiasts. But we shall become enthusiasts, in turn, only as we are enabled to view with glad assurance the working of our social powers.

Deeply vital, then, as any problem of our American life, is the problem of political reconstruction. If this were a problem of making men better, of transforming their essential character, it might seem difficult, indeed. Human nature is to-day very much what it has been for a thousand years; and there is little likelihood that it will be very different in the thousand years to come. If politics is bad because men are bad, we may as well throw up our hopes and declare that there is little chance for better politics. But a penetrating analysis of our political situation leads one to the conviction that politics is inefficient because there is something profoundly inadequate in the politi-

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cal mechanism which we are employing. It is as if a man were compelled to paint a portrait with a toothbrush, or trim a garden lawn with a plough. Politically, we are operating with a system that in one sense is out of date and in another was never in date at all. The first step toward political regeneration, in short, is to look away altogether from questions of human nature, and examine this curiously outworn machinery with which we are struggling to achieve results quite beyond its power.

II

One of the most serious defects of our political machinery is found in the prevalent theory of representation. It is curious how contentedly we accept that theory as if it had been handed to us from Sinai's top, not noting that the times have so changed as to make the theory no longer truly applicable. We view it as a matter of course that a political state should be divided into its smaller units, and these into still smaller units, and these into still smaller; and that in each unit citizens should vote as members of the unit. Thus the group of people who constitute precinct eleven of district four of the borough of Manhattan recognize, as a matter of course, that their political identity lies in their membership within those territorial boundaries. The person who "represents" these citizens represents them as inhabitants of that particular territory.

Amid all the serious questioning of our political procedures, it is curious that this system of territorial division and territorial representation is accepted practically without question. And yet it is not an exaggeration to say that of all features of our political life, it is the one that is most distinctly out of date and the source of the most serious political inefficiency. It is not difficult to see that at one time in the history of society such a system was the only one that could work with secure and comprehensive success. In a community thoroughly agricultural, for example, similarity of interest was in the main identical with spacial propinquity. If, in such a community, one were to district off a square mile of inhabitants, one would find that within that

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square mile the interests were fundamentally alike. If one were to take another square mile a hundred or a thousand miles away, one would find, indeed, that the interests differed somewhat from those within the first square mile—the difference between wheat land interests, for example, and grazing land interests—but within the second square mile one would again find the interests fundamentally alike.

It was this fact that gave the territorial plan of political districting its erstwhile excuse for being. But suppose one advances to a manufacturing and commercial community of to-day and districts off a square mile of inhabitants in any large city. Within the boundaries of that small domain one finds a barber living next to a grocer, a grocer next to a real-estate broker, a real-estate broker next to a school teacher, a school teacher next to a saloon keeper, a saloon keeper next to a mason, a mason next to an actor, etc. Within the square mile, in brief, are interests as worlds apart as they possibly can be; and yet our political system operates upon the supposition that all this heterogeneous mass of beings can be swept into unity by the mere fiction of a political demarcation. On election day, these heterogeneous folk are asked to come together and vote for some person to represent their "common" interests. Obviously, they have no "common" interests, save the sheerest matters of external life—streets and lights and policing and taxes. They can have no common enthusiasm, no common will for something socially fine and inspiring. Their "common" will, in short, is nothing but the lowest common denominator of all their diverse interests; and this lowest common denominator becomes incarnate in the politician.

Social enthusiasm can be evoked only where there is a spirit of the group. But a spirit of the group lives only where men feel that they belong to each other. Men thrown accidentally together by the chance renting of this apartment, or that house, cannot be made to feel that they deeply belong together. Herein lies the profoundest defect of our modern political system. We are attempting, in short, to bring into expression group loyalties and group enthusiasms when the groups through which we

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operate are largely and inevitably artificial. There is no cure for this, save as we face frankly the issue of organizing political life into its truly natural groups.

What are these natural groups? The answer to this question has been different in different periods of the world's history. In the earliest period the natural groups were the kinship groups. Men felt that they belonged together because they were born of some common ancestor. All the aspects of their life, political, economic, religious, were organized in terms of the blood bond. It is not difficult to understand why this was so. The first period of human history was the hunting period. Men wandered about from place to place in search of game. Obviously, the only bond was that of procreation. So strong was this bond that neither distance nor fortune could weaken its hold. The members of a tribe might be scattered to the four winds of heaven; they were nevertheless members of the tribe.

The second stage of human history introduced a factor which was destined, ere long, to supersede the kinship bond as the principle of grouping—the factor of territorial occupation. When men learned how to plant and reap, a new chapter of political history was opened. Gradually—though only at first under stress of conflict with the kinship principle—the principle of territorial grouping took its place as the great formative factor in social and political life. The history of modern society is the history of the slow supersession of the kinship by the territorial bond. The feudal state is the point of significant transition from the one to the other. The lord lived on the same land as his serfs; and yet he was worlds apart from them. The political group, in short, was a blood group; and political offices were assigned in terms of parentage.

In the modern citizen-state the kinship bond has been at last completely outgrown. Men belong to a political group now not by reason of their descent but by reason of their settled occupation in a certain community. The modern state, in short, exhibits the victory of agriculture over hunting and warfare as the chief human vocation.

Is the evolution complete, or may we look to a further development of social and political grouping? The answer, I

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think, lies in the recognition that the groupings of the past were determined by the nature of men's occupations. For the huntsman, life was a roving; and the only possible bond of union was the impalpable bond of descent. For the agriculturist, life was a settled occupancy in which the bond of union was the perfectly palpable one of land. Are men in large measure changing the nature of their occupations? The answer to this is clear. Agriculture, while still fundamental, is increasingly companioned by occupations that make profound alterations in our life. Indeed, the present age may properly be characterized, not as an agricultural, but as a manufacturing and commercial economy. If now the change from hunting to agriculture brought to pass an essential transformation of the principle of social and political grouping, may we not rightly expect that the change from the agricultural to the manufacturing and commercial economy will effect a transformation of equal moment?

The significant change that has occurred is that territorial propinquity is no longer coincident with community of interest. This change is wholly crucial. It means that where political life could be successfully organized in terms of land occupation, such organization is now in large measure artificial and ineffective. Community of interest is now determined fundamentally by specific vocation. A physician living in the eleventh precinct has far more community of interest with a physician living in the fifth precinct than he has with the broker who lives around the corner. Indeed, if one were to trace the lines of interest-demarcation in a great city, one would find them here, there, and everywhere, crossing and recrossing all the conventional political boundaries. If one seeks, in short, the natural groupings in our modern world, one finds them in the associations of teachers, of merchants, of manufacturers, of physicians, of artisans. The Trade Union, the Chamber of Commerce, the Medical Association, the Bar Association, the Housewives' League—these even in their half formed state are the forerunners of the true political units of the modern state.

Always, in history, political effectiveness has had its source in common understanding, in common enthusiasm. Where men

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work at the same trade or pursue the same business or follow the same profession, there is an identity of interest that makes for group solidarity and power. A perfectly clear principle of psychology is here involved. Where two or three are gathered together who are of widely diverse interests, there can be little save trivial talk of the times and of the weather. When, on the contrary, there are gathered together those who are of like interest and understanding, there results a mutual enhancement which makes for the greater power of each and of all. The weakness and timid superficiality of our political life to-day are due, in large measure, to the fact that the state is made up of groups of the first—the talk-of-the-weather type. Our political life will come to idealistic power only when the state is transformed into groups of the second—the organic—type.

Anyone who has had the least experience in practical politics knows how disheartening to a citizen earnest for political welfare is an ordinary election. There is the strenuous attempt to persuade every Tom, Dick and Harry to come into one's appointed camp. It is not that the Toms, Dicks and Harrys are not worthy persons; nor that one is contaminating one's self in associating with them. It is rather that the whole process is psychologically hopeless and socially wasteful. One realizes always that these heterogeneous citizens really do not wish anything in common. One realizes that even with the prerogative of the vote in their hands, their wishes are foisted upon them and must continue to be foisted as long as the political system compels such ill-assorted citizens to dwell politically together. One notes, with some quiet cynicism, that the exercise of the suffrage, under the present artificial conditions, is regarded by the good citizen as a somewhat useless duty that must nevertheless be performed, by the bad citizen as one that can be transformed into lucrative profit. Seldom, if ever, does the campaigner witness a solid group that is aware of itself and of its ideals, that can be counted upon to work year after year for that which it holds good. The only solid groups which he finds are those which work profitably for that which is accounted socially and politically bad.

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III

The ways of life, in short, have changed fundamentally, and political organization must, if it is to be effective, accommodate itself to the change. Sir Henry Maine, in reciting the fact that the "history of political ideas begins . . . with the assumption that kinship in blood is the sole possible ground of community in political functions," goes on to say, "nor is there any of those subversions of feeling, which we term emphatically revolutions, so startling and so complete as the change which is accomplished when some other principle—such as that, for example, of *local contiguity*,—establishes itself for the first time as the basis of political action." One always invites suspicion when one declares or prophesies a revolution. Yet with the accredited mind of Sir Henry Maine in support of the usage one may confidently declare that the second great political revolution is even now in prospect—the change from the territorial to the vocational basis of political grouping.

That this change, perplexing as will be the problems which it will generate, will mean much for our political life cannot, I think, be doubted. Of primary importance will be the fact that the basis of selection of candidates will be both logically and psychologically superior to that of the present system. A group of a hundred physicians or of a hundred teachers or of a hundred artisans would be far more capable of making secure judgment upon one of its number than a helter-skelter group of citizens selected according to locality. Again, for a man desirous of serving the public welfare, there would be a peculiar joy in standing for the fellows of his craft. His appeal to them for support would be an appeal to their understanding and their intelligent interests. There would be no need for him to lower himself to that type of campaign cajolery which is necessary, apparently, when the appeal must be made to all sorts and conditions of men. It is precisely the undignified character of the prevalent political methods of campaigning that deters many a sensitive mind from offering service to the public —the printing of one's photograph on cards, the widespread dis-

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tribution of self-laudatory handbills, the posting of conspicuous placards, the ringing of innumerable door-bells, the whole sorry business, in short, of making one's self a general public nuisance, of doing what any decently self-respecting man would in ordinary circumstances utterly shrink from doing. But to offer one's self to the fellows of one's craft,—that is a far different matter. One comes then not as a stranger. One comes as a worker, known among fellow workers. One has not to force one's self, as it were, down the throats of the indifferent and the unknowing. One stands on one's honorable reputation; and one is accepted or rejected as that reputation is taken to be adequate or not. The whole spirit of elections, in short, would change from an undignified attempt to wheedle and cajole and hypnotize men into a transient support, into a self-respecting expression of willingness to serve one's fellowmen.

But another change deeply important will be in evidence. If one asks what the vital interests are that deserve representation in government, one may not stop short of enumerating all the occupations that are fundamental to our modern life. Education is fundamental, medicine, law, housewifery, commerce, manufacturing, carpentering, bricklaying, etc. How many of these secure effective expression in our present type of government? Where is the voice of the physician speaking for that fraternity whose interest is in public health, in hygiene, sanitation, decent working hours, protection of children, etc.? Where is the voice of the teacher speaking for that group whose interest is in the mental and moral equipment of the children? Where is the voice of the housewife speaking for the great body of women whose interest is in the health and decency of the home, in the nurture of children, in the heightening and enriching of life? Where is the voice of the artist speaking for those whose love is of the beautiful? Government, as it is organized to-day, has no place for these save by indirection. If education, or medicine, or housewifery or art would be heard in the halls of legislation, they must say their words into the half-understanding ears of some ambitious young lawyer who will later reproduce them in his own way—if the times and the occasions fit.

Here is the curiously inept aspect of our modern political

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life, that with all the diverse interests that need expression, each in its own way, all expression is barred save, in the main, as it issues from the lips of a lawyer. There can be no adequate political life—no political life, that is, adequate to the rich variety of our social existence—until this tyranny of the lawyer is abolished, until all authentic interests, in short, speak their needful words in their own proper character.

The political lawyer to-day is the logical outcome of the out-of-date system in which we find ourselves. He is the man who can move easily among a heterogeneous citizenry, glib of tongue, genial of hand, easy at all problems, master of none. The incarnation of that conceptual monstrosity, "the average citizen," he fills our legislative halls with eloquence and incompetence. There is no hope for our politics until we rid ourselves of him, bag and baggage. Obviously we shall accomplish the removal only as we completely alter the basis of our political selection, changing from a system of choosing a hail-fellow from among a heterogeneous mass to a system of choosing a craftsman from the craftsman group.

One other advantage of profound importance is to be noted. Grouping by occupation will solve at a stroke, and in the only rational manner, the whole vexed problem of sex difference in relation to political participation. Adult persons—quite irrespective of sex—will have their political identity in terms of the vocational interests they serve. It is nonsense, for example, to suppose that a Tammany lawyer knows as much about the interests of the housewife group as the housewives themselves. Housewifery is an interest fundamental to civilized society. It should therefore have its competent spokesman in the chambers of social legislation. What is here significant however about the new type of grouping is that the housewife assumes her political functions not as one who is supposed to be able to judge upon all matters of public import, but as one who brings to political life her peculiar and expert contribution. The basis of suffrage is changed from the artificial one of sex to a wholly natural one of specific interest and participation.

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IV

A prophet may maintain himself in esteem as long as he confines his prophecies to generalities. When, on the contrary, he essays particulars, his prophet's garb is too often transformed into the motley of the fool. The writer will most effectively escape unnecessary embarrassment, then, if he refrains from detailed elaboration. And yet, for the sake of clearness, a word or two must be said with regard to particulars of organization. Two problems come prominently to the front in any such grouping as that suggested: first the problem concerning the lines of group demarcation; second, the problem concerning the basis of group representation.

As to the first problem, it seems clear to the writer that all sharply marked occupational differences must be accepted as lines of political grouping. Thus teachers are sharply marked as over against physicians, housewives as over against outdoor unskilled laborers. In any community, one would be able to divide the adult inhabitants into groups very much as follows: teachers, merchants, manufacturers, engineers, artists (including architects, novelists, poets, musicians), newspaper writers, indoor unskilled manual workers, outdoor unskilled manual workers, housewives, physicians, farmers, lawyers, ministers, public guards (police, firemen, soldiers, etc.). It would be folly, indeed, to hold that the above was an accurate or final analysis of the grouping possibilities of a community. But along some such line as this, it would seem, the grouping would proceed.

As to the second problem, it would seem reasonable to suppose that each occupational group would elect its representatives to a central council. One might safely prophesy, I think, that representation would be on the basis of number. The objection might be raised, to be sure, that a numerical basis would give to the unskilled and unintelligent members of a community a dangerous balance of power. To this, two answers could be made: first, intelligence is, in fact, always more powerful than unintelligent numbers; second, and more important, the fact that a preponderance of voting power was vested in the unskilled and

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unintelligent portion of the community would stimulate the skilled and intelligent portion to hasten the elimination of conditions making for ignorance and lack of efficient training.

The objection is often raised that occupational grouping would simply mean a battle of interests—each group fighting for itself. In the first place, matters, in this respect, could scarcely be worse than they now are. In the second place, groups such as we have indicated, are not, in their interests, antagonistic. Housewives are not antagonistic to physicians; nor carpenters to teachers; nor ministers of religion to outdoor unskilled workers. As a matter of fact, the interests of many of these groups coalesce, as in the case of housewives, teachers, physicians, etc. But what is significant is that, with as many occupational groups as we have indicated, no constant balancing of interest one over against the other would be possible—as would be the case, for example, if the occupational groups were, as has elsewhere been suggested, farmers, merchants, clerics.

Finally, it is not too much to suppose that a council selected by craftsman groups would bring to its problems the ideals and methods of craftsmanship. A teacher, for example, would realize how absurd it would be to elect a college president by popular suffrage for a term of two years; an engineer would be convinced of the necessity for expert ability for the handling of tasks requiring expert judgment. It would doubtless transpire that such a council would serve only as the public body for the expression of general policy—much as a university board of trustees now serves—and that it would leave all actual administration to officers appointed because of their expert ability and for a term of office subject to termination only on grounds of misbehavior or proved incompetency. One can scarcely conceive a body of craftsmen tolerating the present uncraftsmanlike organization of public work. Such a body would realize and apply the principle of efficiency, the principle, namely, that the task shall go to him who can.

The foregoing pages express a view of political participation which is wholly in keeping with the "organic" nature of the state. In an organism, each part or member contributes in accordance with its powers,—the heart cells as members of the

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heart group, the epithelial cells as members of the epithelial group. The nerve cells run here and there throughout the body; yet they contribute not in terms of their locality—whether they happen to live in the hand or heart—but in terms of their functional activity, their "organic occupation." The present form of suffrage grouping, on the other hand, is distinctly anorganic. The state is conceived as very much like a heap of sand, each grain like every other grain, each contributing in like manner and measure to the aggregate whole. But nothing is clearer than the fact that not all persons can contribute in equal measure or with like quality of interest and intelligence to the state. Where some persons are, by reason of their preoccupations, utterly ignorant of matters vital to the state, others are alive with expert knowledge. It is because our modern democracy treats all men as abstractly alike, because it fails, in short, to regard them concretely, as persons with individual and group differences, that our democracy fails so lamentably to elicit from its members their authentic abilities and efforts.

It would be folly, of course, to pretend that a high grade of political efficiency will be attained at once when men change from the anorganic system of territorial to the organic system of vocational grouping. But it may at least be maintained, with some show of reason, that with that change, one of the most insidiously persistent obstacles to political efficiency will have been removed.

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THE GERMAN WAY OF THINKING

SIMON NELSON PATTEN

A RECENT statement that Germans think differently from Americans was made the occasion for sarcastic comment on the assumption that to think differently indicates a lower plane of thought. What the writer meant, however, was that the Americans had a language that expressed the concepts peculiar to their own development, but they failed to appreciate ideas that are made significant by the evolution of a neighboring state. When Americans think in terms of their own civilization, and Germans in terms of theirs, a breach is opened that puts each nation in the wrong attitude for a sane treatment of the problems of the other. Such a divergence, however, does not necessarily imply that one nation is morally in advance; it merely shows that a nation does not develop particular concepts until its situation demands them. Different national conditions and varying successes may thus force two nations apart and give to each a language incomprehensible to the other.

In attempting to explain the German way of thinking, we must recognize that national thought is never a clearly defined unit; nor must we expect all Germans to hold identical views. Last June, Germany was split into warring factions; in August, differences disappeared before a common danger. Like the firing on Sumter, the shock of the English ultimatum brought all Germany together; as with the North, it may take years to realize in what the awakened national spirit consists, and to give it adequate expression. There is, nevertheless, a unity of thought as of action in the newly aroused Germany, crude though the expression of it may be. We lag behind in the expression of this new thought because our language growth has not kept pace with new developments that surround us. The new wine of progress is still poured into the old bottles of dogmatism, with an unsatisfying result.

At the opening of the French Revolution the difference between the ideas of France and those of other nations was one of degree, not of kind; and yet there is a sense in which they

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may be said to be uniquely French, for they were vitalized by French enthusiasm and visualized by French expression. And a new language was created that drove home the new truth, a language that in the end made all nations capable of appreciating the new thought. A word is of little use until some vivid contrast is made which reshapes ideas in accord with the new adjustment. The philosopher Kant, in his enthusiasm for Rousseau's *Émile,* forgot his afternoon walk for what is said to be the only time in his life. We can understand Kant's absorbing interest only by realizing the remarkable way in which new meanings had been given to old words by Rousseau. Before his time the "natural man" was deemed depraved, as contrasted with the "regenerate" man of religion. But now the natural man was to be given a place of vantage in comparison with the conventionalized man of city life, out of which a new concept of human worth arose that reconstructed modern thought. Such a thought movement we are now entering. A leaven of new ideas has permeated our civilization; we cannot resist the change which must follow. To-morrow we may think of Germany as we now think of Ancient Greece—a pile of ruins swept over by less developed races in their rush for power, wealth, and commerce. But German ideals will live, as have the Grecian, because they aid adjustment to world conditions. The clarifying contrasts will become our possession, for thought is immortal, even if nations die.

The words of a people reflect the development through which they have gone, and blind them to concepts arising in nations other than their own; we see only the dangers that our own evolution has helped us to visualize; and when new conflicts arise we impute to our opponents the motives of enemies in bygone centuries, while old fears remain as bogeys to haunt us in a new world. The fear of foreign domination is so ground into our way of thinking that we cannot throw it off. Our language is rich in terms that connote world empire, and we cannot conceive of an enemy who has not some design of despotism. We are helped to this view by the many words we have taken from the Latin, and by the frequent use of Roman examples in our history and literature.

Now such terms and fears are scarcely a part of the German

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social thought. These new concepts are expressed by terms of German origin, and consequently have the meaning that home development has given them. I often wonder what term those who charge the Germans with a desire for creating a world empire find in German to express this thought. Surely if the founding of a world empire is a German ambition, there must be some term to express the idea. *Weltmacht* does not mean "world empire," but merely "a place in the sun," the opportunity of a nation for full growth and development. But dozens of plants may reach a full development side by side, and so may many nations. Only Latin terms express the concept the Anglo-American dislikes, and they are not used by the German.

I was much perturbed in my German student days by the failure of German students to catch the contrasts I unconsciously made prominent, and in my own inability to grasp their concepts. My politics did not interest them, and for some time theirs was unintelligible to me. An example of this is the doctrine of States' Rights. Even now I wish some linguist would give me a German equivalent for this thought. A literal translation would be a crude makeshift; the idiomatic phrase is not at hand. At length I gained an insight into the real difficulty. American thought emphasizes the danger of domination by a centralized Government, and hence the need of internal protection. States' Rights is the philosophy of local resistance to national aggression. The Germans have suffered from the opposite evil, that of too much separation in a country that should become a national unit. When we realize how late this unity has been won in Germany, we can understand why German thought has not developed the concept of States' Rights. She has too much States' Rights, and not too little. Yet in contrast to this situation, "home rule," in the sense of local rights of divisions smaller than the State, has been largely absent from our national thought, and is even now only partially visualized. Cities and counties are ridden over roughshod; "ripper bills" are frequent and damaging. What protection with us has any city, county, or State minority against the aggression of the majority? But all these local relations in Germany have been worked out, and their results have become an integral part of the national thought. Every German city is free in a

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sense in which no American city is independent. In short, Americans blindly indict and avoid one type of external aggression without even the consciousness that there is a still more important type that really dominates us, and of which we take no cognizance.

One might fill pages with examples of the dependence of national thought and language on the needs of national development. No nation has a perfect language, but develops only such words as express the vital content of the national struggles. It is this fact that makes the translation of German phrases meaningless, except as an irritant to stir up trouble. The German attitude, when understood, is the opposite to that attributed to them. Germans feel that they are a down-trodden race, that every man's hand is against them, and that they must defend themselves against the subtle aggression of every other nation. If one reads the history of the last four hundred years this attitude is understood. However innocent England, France, and Russia may be at the present moment, no one can free them of the charge of past aggressions in which Germany was the sufferer. This fact colors German thought, helps to make its language contrasts, and in turn keeps it from feeling the force of democratic concepts our nation has developed.

The lack of national unity in the past has compelled for the Germans much of the same type of thought development as characterized the Hebrews. With them, the downfall of the material Zion helped in the idealization of an immaterial Zion with even more scope than its material counterpart. German civilization has likewise become an ideal, the realization of which does not mean a crushing dominion over other races. The triumph is to be won for German thought, science, and art. These ideals are so different from those imputed to the Germans that only ignorance can excuse those who twist German words to voice their partisanship. Think of a nation with its back to the wall, carrying on what many believe to be a hopeless struggle, yet supremely confident of its superiority in philosophy, science, and culture, and you will see the German people as they are. This confident idealism gives force to their obstinate national resistance, and will make their faith heroic even if they are again humbled to the dust.

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Like the Hebrew, their civilization may lose its material embodiment, while its vital essence prevails even in the nations that now seek to block the new ideas.

There is no better way to present the cultural differences of German and English civilizations than to contrast their ideals of freedom. To us, freedom means the downfall of internal tyrants, and the upbuilding of restraints against exploitation. Liberty is thus a political concept that has no content but freedom from control. We are true to our history when we denounce arbitrary power and build up restraint against national aggression. To these ends we proclaim bills of rights, create constitutional limitations, and put the freedom of person above group welfare. "Scraps of paper" thus get a sacredness that enables them to block the growing need for closer association and economic expansion. All this is absent from German thought. No severe conflict with rulers has taken place. In struggle with outside aggression, prince and subject have fought side by side. Prussian kings have been leaders in progress, subordinating individual impulse to public advantage. There has been no issue on which a fierce antagonism of ruler and subject could arise. Such an issue can only come when Germans, no longer fearing external aggression, can go forward in their internal development as freely and as safely as England and America have done.

When a German talks of freedom he is not thinking of internal political restraints, which loom up so vividly in the Anglo-American mind. The struggle for freedom in Germany has been waged in other than political fields, and has meant the overthrow of religious dogmatism, of ancient superstition, of social arrogance, of effete traditions, and of conventional morality. The German, it is held, must think for himself, act regardless of social conventions, be his own master in the routine of daily life, and have a morality that upbuilds rather than degrades. This is the goal of the German; it is his dearest treasure, in contrast to which political rights have but little significance. We endure a tyranny of public opinion, a textual religion, and a hypocritical morality, because we have not broken the bonds that have made the German free; on the other hand, Germans have not risen to that high level of political freedom that is the cherished possession of

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all English-speaking states. Which is the higher level of thought I am not called on to decide. The virtues and shortcomings of each nation are understood when we study its history with appreciation of the issues involved. We are made by our past just as Germans are, and should seek a broader outlook that makes each nation more tolerant toward foreign thought.

If we shift our attention from ideals to ends, similar contrasts appear. The word "democracy" best represents the goal of Anglo-American hopes. The freedom we extol is a distributive concept, thwarting concentration; a political idealism that shields the humble from tyranny. Efficiency and mechanism are undervalued, and about them no ennobling emotions cling. By the German the word "democracy" is seldom used. The cause is to be found in the lack of contrasted social classes. Democracy implies a conflict with some exploiting class. The German aristocracy is so definitely severed from the life of the common people that German thought has developed in ways that overlook its existence. German aristocrats do not absorb the wealth of the nation, as do English and American upper classes. They are servants working for an income little greater than their service. If the landed nobility of a few country sections be excluded, the burden they impose is not great enough to make a national problem.

Hence the distributive process has played a small part in the formative period of German development. If a change is coming, it is due to the rise of a social democracy which is introducing English ideas and contrasts. Marxism is English thought in a German dress, and however important it may become, it is not characteristic of present German thought. Modern progress makes their goal not a democracy, but a bold, inspiring "Kultur." The German sees positive attainable ends; his idealism is concrete; his hopes are realizable. The vague terminology of English idealism, on the contrary, with its talk of "wagons hitched to stars," and the divine right of American citizenship, seems puerile to those whose ideals are realized in city planning, industrial efficiency, and mutual aid.

During recent decades Germany has forged ahead along untrodden paths more rapidly than other nations, and hence the

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contrasts between the newer and older expression of thought are more clearly seen in the German than in other languages. A century ago England was forging ahead as an industrial nation, and her people reflected the defects both in thought and deed that result from the dominance of commercial standards. England was then the mechanical nation, for effective industry is ever automatic and material. When at that time a German visited England, he was struck with the mechanical nature of English industry. German industry was still in the household stage; its fewer workers owned their tools, and could start or stop work as they wished. The world of nature, with the pleasures of leisure, was theirs whenever they wished to enjoy it, while English workers were crowded into factories, rose at the sound of a whistle, worked a fixed number of hours, and went home too tired to enjoy the pleasures of the outside world. No wonder, then, that the German visitor deemed the English automatic and material, and thought his own countrymen free and idealistic.

The situation is now turned about. Nothing strikes the visitor of Germany more impressively than the mechanical way in which everything is done, and this fact is the basis of the irritation the foreigner feels. He charges it, of course, to the dominance of the military caste; but in reality military efficiency only reflects the general change that has come over German life. In the good old days, students like myself had an intense admiration for German ways; but I have noticed in each succeeding group of home-coming Americans a falling off in this enthusiasm, until at length actual hostility began to express itself. I was puzzled until I found its cause in the dislike of mechanical ways that interfered with their accustomed American liberty. One of the complaints was that the student could not jump on moving trains if he came late to the station. Now it was a traditional American privilege to risk one's life at his pleasure, and he resented the German doctrine of "safety first." But this same interference with personal liberty is now common in America, where street cars and railroad trains close their doors before the train starts. It shows that the value of human life and the adoption of mechanism to conserve it are at last becoming as prominent here as in Germany. All this is clear, and yet our irritation is not lessened when we

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confront some new mechanism in a foreign land. True, Germany is mechanical, and the regularity of industry has reached a stage beyond that achieved in England or America. Let us realize, however, that mechanical rigidity is only a preliminary to industrial efficiency.

Men become efficient to gain dollars, and with the dollars they supply material wants. These are the losses, or at least the assumed losses, of mechanism. But the gains are equally apparent. With efficiency poverty disappears; the hungry outcasts are transformed into respectable citizens. The neglected poor come out of their hovels, receive their share of the world's goods, and feel the glow of sunshine. Only a glimmer of this change finds expression in our thought and language. Our traditional philosophy has no place for efficient mechanism, even though it was among us it obtained a first recognition. We want freedom, not progress; and in our schools we teach ideals, not ends.

In saying this I have no doubt made a confession that will lose me much sympathy. I now proceed to make another. Along with the changes which the new industrial régime has produced in political and social ideals has come another in morality. The past admired the servile man. Humility, meekness, and sacrifice were much lauded qualities, and out of them have come social attitudes which permitted the strong to exploit the weak. Why should a man not yield when self-denial is a virtue? There is no necessity here to trace the origin of this mental attitude, or of the debasing morality that followed from it. The American public is not ready for a moral advance along new lines. We prefer the ambiguous unreality of the old, and seek to restore its prestige by weird emotional appeals. It may, however, be possible to show the origin of this new morality and the conditions that produce it.

Mental attitudes are recognized as resulting from physical traits, and these in turn are influenced by environing conditions. A servile man is also a weak, anæmic man,—poorly fed, clothed and housed. He is dominated by fears aroused by the uncertainty of his situation. His law is not that of nature, but the arbitrary rulings of capricious superiors. The change from personal domination to a mechanical régime breaks the reign of personal fear.

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Social law is impartial and upbuilding; at last adjustment is possible, and its fruits in security and welfare are apparent. Out of this new life comes a vigorous, self-reliant, aggressive, and often dominating man. These changes are the result of living under conditions that eliminate personal fear. We may not like such a man as well as his humble, saintly predecessor, but the psychic change implied must be accepted as the mark of an advancing civilization.

Aggression comes naturally with man's conquest of his environment, and its morality would have been an early stage of thought development but for the abnormality imposed by bad conditions upon early civilizations. To be bold and effective means to be mechanical, for only by mechanical devices can the world be conquered and the social product made sufficient to prevent the deficit that makes servility bearable. He who would reap the advantage of mechanism must act with his fellows, share their feelings, and be loyal to his group. Aggression will in time become socialized. If we do not see this now, it is because of the short time its forces have been dominant. The superman will be more keen for personal ascendency than was the old individualist. But, unlike him, he will rise through apperception of group loyalty, and gain his ends through mutual aid and social coöperation. That vigor, aggression, and group loyalty lead to united social action the present awakening in Germany abundantly shows. Germany must be praised for her social morality, even if its full expression does not always meet with our approval. There is a road from the aggressive superman to a super race, and on this path all races are moving. When we realize this fact we shall be more sympathetic toward the Germans, and be in a state of mind that will make possible an amalgamation of the two civilizations. We need an appreciation of mechanism; they of liberty. The opposition is not so absolute as it seems.

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THE WAR AND THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

LINDSAY ROGERS

SINCE the outbreak of the European War the excessive abnormality of armed conflict has been strikingly evident in many fields which, during previous lapses from peace, have been either slightly or not at all affected. Many of these abnormalities, although important, have received little if any consideration; those who write are occupied in discussing questions of larger moment,—the philosophy, causes, conduct and effects of the war itself. Observers wonder whether peace will bring about any modification in the German and Russian governmental systems; whether the growth of social legislation will be checked through the inability of national exchequers to do more than pay the absolutely necessary expenses of the State, and whether the end of the present conflict will inaugurate an era when international disputes will be settled in the same manner as differences between individuals,—by an appeal to law.

All of these problems are, of course, intensely interesting, yet their discussion must be conjectural rather than definitive, and it may, therefore, be somewhat more fruitful, if less important, to turn from these and consider one abnormality of the war which can be treated with tolerable precision. I refer to the effect of the struggle on the English Constitution,—not in any modification of the framework of the government, but in the measures which England has been forced to take for the solution of purely domestic problems, in the manner of their enactment, in their violent disregard of traditional and hitherto respected civil rights, and in the paternalistic and social tendencies which may be temporary, but which, at all events, have established an important precedent.

Some of England's emergency legislation is complete, but the greater part simply grants to the Executive power to issue statutory orders, filling up gaps in the enabling measures, or making specific regulations in accordance with a legislative expression of general policy. In making such comprehensive delegations of legislative authority, the statutes show a marked

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departure from Anglo-Saxon legal traditions. To be sure, with industrial and political conditions as they are normally, it is impossible for the legislature to pass laws which will fit every possible contingency; continuous sessions would be necessary. In the United States, delegations of legislative authority to the President and to commissions are becoming more frequent in number and broader in scope. England has long used the device of statutory orders, by his Majesty in Council, but never on a scale remotely approximating that prevailing since the war began, and the change is in material disregard of the Anglo-Saxon theory, which is for the legislature to act as definitively as possible, particularly in criminal matters. From a constitutional standpoint, the manner of enactment of the emergency legislation is interesting but hardly alarming; it was necessary, yet in the future there will be the tendency for the Cabinet (whose increased importance is the dominant characteristic of the English system) to retain, or after an interim to resume, the extraordinary law-making powers which it has exercised since the beginning of the present conflict.

Many of the emergency measures are designed to ameliorate or improve the condition of British subjects who are suffering by reason of the war and to take away certain drawbacks to their entering the service. Thus, to enumerate a few of the new regulations, Parliament has reduced the inheritance tax on the estates of those killed in the war; provision has been made for feeding school children in Scotland; no electoral disabilities can take place through absence on the front; the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Local Government Board are given wide discretionary powers with regard to housing; defendants in legal proceedings and trustees are protected while engaged in war service, and the acceptance of a commission does not vacate the seat of a member of Parliament. Great Britain already had, of course, an immense body of social legislation providing for unemployment, accident and sick insurance, pensions and poor relief. This is now of greater utility than ever before and there is a special act providing compensation for injuries received in the war.

Then there is legislation dealing with the business relations

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of British subjects among themselves and with the enemy. Moratory proclamations, suspending the payment of certain debts, have been made under the Postponement of Payments Act, passed by Parliament on August 3, it being the second time that a bill has gone through all its stages and received the Royal Assent within one day. The solitary precedent is the Explosives Act, passed in 1883, when, following the discovery of a bomb in St. Stephen's, a Fenian conspiracy was feared. Parliament has, moreover, enacted measures providing for the funding of the war debt and the issuance of Treasury notes. The Patent and Trade Mark rights of British subjects have been protected, and in some cases the rights of enemy owners may be suspended. The Trading with the Enemy Act forbids, under severe penalties, every "commercial, financial or other contract for the benefit of any enemy," and so stringent are the provisions that doubt has been expressed as to the propriety of a solicitor acting for an enemy client or a physician prescribing for an enemy patient. Under certain circumstances a custodian may be appointed to deal with enemy property and elastic emergency powers have been granted to the courts.

All this legislation furnishes an excellent index to the abnormality of war and the dislocation which it causes in legal, economic and political fields, but apart from the method of enactment which, as I have indicated, is largely by the Executive, constitutional questions are not involved. There is a further class of regulations, however, which the Cabinet has made, under authority from Parliament, dealing with law and order in England, and these have very seriously interfered with the constitutional rights of the citizen. Provision was early made for temporarily restricting the sale of intoxicating liquor; for forbidding the exportation of any commodity, and for taking possession of all foodstuffs, compensation to be determined by arbitration. But of such measures the most important are the Aliens Restriction and the Defence of the Realm Acts, the former being of slight concern to British subjects since it applies solely to aliens, forbidding them to change their names; to have in their possession, without a permit from the competent authorities, such articles as firearms, motor cars, photographic apparatus,

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maps, charts, pigeons, etc.; to reside in England without being registered, and to go, without permission, more than five miles from their registered addresses. Furthermore, his Majesty, by Order in Council, may impose restrictions "for any other matters which may appear necessary or expedient with a view to the safety of the realm."

The constitutional liberty of the British subject has remained unaffected, certainly to any appreciable extent, by all regulations except those promulgated in pursuance of the Defence of the Realm Acts, but under these, traditional safeguards were taken away; England was, and in a sense still is, under martial law. For a violation of the regulations an Englishman, until very recently, might be tried before a court martial whose powers extended to the imposition of the death penalty; the right to a jury was denied and there could be no appeal. Since an amendment which received Royal Assent on March 16 last, he may demand a jury trial, but this safeguard may be abrogated by Royal Proclamation in the event of "invasion or other special military emergency arising out of the present war." Provision is made for offending neutrals to be punished under military law, although such cases may be transferred to a civil court at the discretion of the prosecuting officer.

At no time, moreover, since the outbreak of the war, has the Englishman's home been his castle; it is subject to entrance and search without a warrant, and all this is true although the operations of the ordinary courts have in no wise been impeded. In short, there can no longer be the proud boast that in time of war England leaves untouched the safeguards of the citizen against the Executive; long established and jealously guarded provisions of the constitution have been suspended, and this, it is interesting to note, in a struggle which is against Prussian autocracy. England has herself been forced to be despotic. I state the inconsistency, but in no critical spirit; the situation is clearly abnormal. An overweening necessity, honestly proclaimed by the Government and patriotically acquiesced in by the people, has been the justification for the temporary suspension of constitutional safeguards.

The Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act (combining

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and amending two previous measures) received the Royal Assent on November 27. The House of Commons passed the bill with little debate, but in the Lords there was considerable discussion, Viscount Bryce declaring that there was no precedent for the substitution of military tribunals for the ordinary civil courts. "The only question," he said, "is whether the British subject is not entitled, as he always has been in times past, to have the constitutional protection of being tried by a civil court when there is a civil court there to try him." Lord Halsbury called the procedure the "most unconstitutional thing that has ever happened in this country," and an amendment was strongly urged, providing that any British subject, not in the service, should have the right to be tried in the ordinary courts when they were available. But no changes in the bill were permitted, and those opposed to such extreme action had to be satisfied with the Lord Chancellor's undertaking that the death penalty should not be applied to a British subject until Parliament reassembled and considered the matter, when, it was considered probable, the Government would agree to an amendment. If the death sentence became advisable, the Lord Chancellor said, it would be inflicted after a trial for high treason.

Under the Defence of the Realm Act, his Majesty has the authority, by Order in Council, during the continuance of the war, "to issue regulations for securing the public safety and defence of the nation"; and he may "by such regulations authorize trial by courts martial, or in the case of minor offences by courts of summary jurisdiction, and punishment of persons committing offences against the regulations, and in particular any of the provisions of such regulations designed" to prevent espionage; to secure the safety of the military forces, ships and means of communication; "to prevent the spread of false reports or reports likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty" and "otherwise to prevent assistance being given to the enemy or the successful prosecution of the war being endangered." Provision was made for trial by court martial, the offender to be proceeded against as if he were a person subject to military law and had on active service committed an offence under Section 5 of the Army Act (the maximum punishment being penal servitude for life),

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but it was further provided that if the offence be with the intention of assisting the enemy, the penalty might be death. The offender was to be "treated as if he belonged to the unit in whose charge he may be" and was thus made subject to military law like a soldier on active service. If the offence were minor, the trial might be had before a court of summary jurisdiction, with an appeal, but only on questions of law. The right to a jury was denied in both methods of trial, and the restricted right of appeal in the case of minor offences was far from an adequate safeguard, since it lay with "the competent naval or military authority to determine whether the offence is minor and whether the trial shall be by court martial or in the court of summary jurisdiction."

The Regulations, as promulgated by Order in Council, meticulously forbid any act which may inure to the advantage of the enemy or hamper England in the conduct of the war. The naval and military authorities may take any measures for defence regardless of property rights; they may clear certain areas of inhabitants, require the extinguishment of lights and forbid people to remain out of doors; they may require a census of all animals and commodities and prohibit the possession of signalling apparatus, fireworks, etc. Other regulations cover the safety of railways and bridges, the sale of firearms, navigation in harbors and dangerous areas, the use of naval and military uniforms by unauthorized persons; the obstruction of officers in the performance of their duties; falsification of military documents or passports, and failure to disclose any contravention of the regulations.

Such legislation was necessary and no fault was found with the creation of the offences; but to the manner of punishment serious objection was made, as typified by the discussion in the House of Lords. Minor infractions have generally been dealt with by courts of summary jurisdiction, but if these are able to sit, it was asked, why should not the High Courts, whose business is equally unimpeded, take cognizance of the more serious offences? The great danger of trial by court martial was shown by the case of one Ahlers, who, before the passage of the Defence of the Realm Act, was apprehended for aiding reservists

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to return to Germany. He was tried before a judge of the High Court and a jury and convicted, but this conviction was unanimously overturned by the Court of Criminal Appeal on the ground that there had been no criminal intent. If Ahlers' offence had been committed after the passage of the Defence of the Realm Act, it would have been dealt with by a court martial; there would have been no method of reviewing the initial verdict, nor could a writ of *habeas corpus* have been granted. Ahlers would very likely have been hanged.

The situation was different, however, in the case of Carl Hans Lody, who, as an enemy subject, was properly tried by a court martial for espionage. This was before the Consolidation Act had been passed, and the maximum penalty which could be imposed under Section 5 of the Army Act was penal servitude for life. On October 9, however, the Home Office issued a statement which said: "The present position is that espionage has been made by statute a military offence, triable by court martial. If tried under the Defence of the Realm Act, the maximum punishment is penal servitude for life; if dealt with outside that act as a war crime, the punishment of death can be inflicted." Lody was therefore sentenced to death and the execution took place, although it was not announced until some days later.

Now it is difficult to see how a war crime can be committed where civil courts are sitting; the term is properly applied only to conduct in the theatre of war. Apart from statute, martial law is unknown to England; there is nothing resembling the French *état de siège*. The clear intention of Parliament was simply to give the courts martial power to impose a life sentence as the maximum punishment, and, to say the least, the death sentence in the Lody case was tainted with illegality. This was tacitly admitted by the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, which specifically provided that where the offence was with the intention of assisting the enemy, the death penalty might be inflicted.

Lody's conviction recalls the celebrated case of Wolfe Tone, the Irish rebel who was captured while on his way with a French expedition to invade Ireland. He was sentenced to death by a court martial, but the writ of *habeas corpus* was invoked and

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officers were sent to bring Wolfe Tone into court. When they arrived, however, he had cut his throat, and so there can only be conjecture as to the probable outcome of this conflict between the civil and military authorities. Nevertheless in this case there was one safeguard,—*habeas corpus,*—which is denied by the Defence of the Realm Regulations.

The discussion in the House of Lords and the Lord Chancellor's undertaking, to which I have already adverted, made it inevitable that when Parliament reassembled the whole subject would receive careful consideration. Meanwhile, in spite of the gravamen of the situation, there was not a great amount of objection to the possibly despotic nature of the trial; most of the offences were minor, with no intention of aiding the enemy, and courts of summary jurisdiction handled the cases. But on March 10, the Commons passed the Defence of the Realm Amendment Act No. 1, which gave any British subject the right, within six days of the time the nature of his offence is communicated to him, to claim a jury trial; but this guarantee does not apply where the offence is tried before a court of summary jurisdiction. Exclusive jurisdiction of courts martial may, as I have said, be restored by Royal Proclamation in the event of a military emergency; and aliens, as a matter of course, and neutrals, as a matter of discretion, are still subject to military law. The position taken by the Lords the previous November assured the acceptance of the measure by the Upper Chamber.

But on the same day—March 10—that the Commons restored the constitutional safeguard of a jury trial, the Government asked for immediate passage of a Defence of the Realm Amendment Act No. 2, so radical in character that Mr. Bonar Law declared the powers demanded to be "the most drastic that have ever been put to any House of Commons." Under the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, the Admiralty or Army Council could demand "the whole or any part of the output of any factory or workshop" in which arms, ammunition or warlike material are manufactured, and take possession of and use any such plant. The amendment extends these provisions to "any factory or workshop, or any plant thereof," and adds three sections giving authority to require the factory to do work in

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accordance with directions; "to regulate or restrict the carrying on of work in any factory with a view to increasing the production of war material in other factories or workshops," and "to take possession of any unoccupied premises for the purpose of housing workmen employed in the production, storage or transport of war material." The difficulty under the old regulations was not with resistance by employers, but with the hardships which they might experience. For example, the Chancellor of the Exchequer explained, companies might not have authority to divert their business and there was the question of interfering with pending contracts.

It is difficult to picture a power of eminent domain much broader than that evidenced by the Amendment Act, but no constitutional question is involved since there is provision that compensation for injured parties is to be determined by a commission. The interference with private business is, moreover, simply in respect to war stores; it is otherwise with the sugar trade and the railways, both of which are now under the complete control of the English Government. In the first case, it was a doubtful question of policy, which, owing to larger issues, has been almost completely overlooked; in the second, governmental control was necessary, and so well has it succeeded that a return to private management at the conclusion of the war is extremely improbable. In any event the precedent has been set for the assumption by the State of these and other socialistic activities.

But, although the right to a jury trial has been restored, after being suspended for over seven months, the almost equally important constitutional prohibition of unreasonable searches and seizures is still disregarded. The Englishman's home is no longer his castle; the Defence of the Realm Regulations make a considerable breach in it. The military or naval authority, if he believes that any house or building or any things therein are being used or kept for any purpose, or in any way, prejudicial to the public safety or defence of the realm, may enter, if need be by force, at any time, for purposes of inspection; and he "may seize anything found therein which he has reason to suspect is being used or intended to be used" in violation of the regulations, "including, where a report or statement in contravention

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of [the regulations] has appeared in any newspaper or other printed publication, any type or other plant used or capable of being used for the printing or production of the newspaper or other publication." The authority of the naval or military authority is thus practically absolute, extending to the seizure of all things which he suspects to be intended for an unlawful use; and a violation of the censorship regulations may be punished, not only by a criminal prosecution, but by suspending publication.

That these broad provisions, permitting searches and seizures without warrant showing probable cause,—a restriction which is embodied in the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States,—are a marked departure in English constitutional history, can be seen by recalling the celebrated case of John Wilkes and the 45th number of the *North Briton*. As May, in his *Constitutional History* (II, 246), describes the incident:

"There was the libel, but who was the libeller? Ministers knew not, nor waited to inquire, after the accustomed forms of law: but forthwith Lord Halifax, one of the Secretaries of State, issued a warrant, directing four messengers, taking with them a constable, to search for the authors, printers and publishers; and to apprehend and seize them, together with their papers, and bring them into safe custody before him. No one having been charged or even suspected,—no evidence of crime having been offered,—no one was named in this dread instrument. The offence only was pointed at,—not the offender." But the legality of this general warrant was later determined in the civil courts adversely to Lord Halifax and those acting under it; Wilkes and his associates were permitted to recover heavy damages. Now, however, under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, there may be unrestricted searches and seizures upon suspicion of the naval or military authorities.

In short, to quote a writer in the February *Law Magazine and Review*, "at the present moment, the Common Law lies under the iron heel of militarism, a militarism of the same genus that we are endeavoring to destroy on the plains of Flanders. Once let militarism gain the upper hand in her conflict with the

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Common Law, war or no war, it will tend to grow to the same evil proportions which it has attained in Germany."

These words were written before the amendment restoring a jury trial was passed by Parliament, but we may still admit the fact without accepting the prophecy; for England, in danger of an aerial raid, with its coasts not perfectly guarded, and confronted by the German espionage system, was forced to radical measures. Possibilities of abuse certainly exist, and important constitutional restrictions have been suspended; but extraordinary situations require extraordinary remedies, and there is no reason to believe but that the Englishman's traditional love of liberty, of due process of law, of security, will persist so strongly that when the war is over there will be a reëstablishment of all safeguards, and the temporary lapse will not afford a binding precedent for similar action, when the times are not so abnormal.

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THE DREAM

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

LOVE, if I weep it will not matter,
And if you laugh I shall not care;
Foolish am I to think about it,
But it is good to feel you there.

Love, in my sleep I dreamed of waking,—
White and awful the moonlight reached
Over the floor, and somewhere, somewhere,
There was a shutter loose,—it screeched!—

Swung in the wind,—and no wind blowing!—
I was afraid, and turned to you,
Put out my hand to you for comfort,—
And you were gone! Cold, cold as dew

Under my hand the moonlight lay!
Love, if you laugh I shall not care,
But if I weep it will not matter,—
Ah, it is good to feel you there!

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CÉZANNE

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THE dilettante, avid for accounts of an artist's eccentricities, will find abundant and varied material of this nature in half a hundred books written by critics of almost every nationality on that astounding and grotesque colossus, Cézanne. Perhaps no great artist in the world's history has been so wantonly libelled, maligned and ridiculed as he. Nor has there ever been a painter of such wide influence so grossly misunderstood. Cézanne has been endowed with the most fantastic powers, dismissed with a *coup d'esprit* for attributes he never possessed, and canonized for qualities he would have repudiated. Like Michelangelo, he has been both the admiration and the mystery of critics. And he is at once the idol and the incubus of present day artists. His letters alone have formed the technical basis of one great modern art school. A fragmentary phrase of his mentioning geometrical figures was seized upon by a Spaniard and made the foundation for another school. His mention of Poussin drove a hoard of Scandinavians, Austrians and Bohemians to a contemplation of that artist. Cézanne's very limitations have been the inspiration for an army of hardy imitators who believe it is more vital to imitate modernity than to reconstruct the past. Indeed it may be said that all art since Impressionism is divided into two groups, one which endeavors to develop some quality or qualities in Cézanne, the other which attempts the anachronism of resuscitating the primitive art of a simple-minded antiquity. For even this latter group, Cézanne is in part responsible. Did he not say that we must become classicists again by way of nature? And did this not give reactionary and servile minds ample excuse to cling with even greater passion to a dead and rigid past? In his great sense of order his disciples saw only immobility; their minds, redundant with parallels, harked back to the Egyptians. Thus has he been emulated: but, among all these branches shot out from the mother trunk, it can be stated incontestably that only one has understood him, has penetrated beneath the surface

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of his canvases, has realized his true gift to the art of the future. And this one, strangely enough, is the furthest removed from imitation.

Cézanne's biography is of value to the art student, for it embodies in concrete form the factors which motivated his æsthetic apperceptions. By Cézanne's biography is meant, not the distorted interpretations of the incidents of his life, now so well known, or the superficial conclusions deduced by his biographers from hearsay; but those actions and temperamental characteristics which are impartially set down at first hand by Émile Bernard. To this chronicler we are indebted for practically all the authentic personal anecdotes of the artist. He had always admired Cézanne, and in 1904 a personal friendship was established between them, which endured until the latter's death. After Cézanne had overcome parental objections and had definitely decided on an artist's career, he spent much of his time in Paris. Many influences entered into his early life. He had met Zola at school and had been intimate with him. Through him he had become acquainted with Manet, and while he appreciated Manet's friendliness, he could never understand that artist's great popularity. He preferred Courbet as a painter, and studied him sedulously. His great influence, however, came from Pissarro. For that persuasive Jew's memory he always harbored a deep respect.

Cézanne's youth, if one may call forty years a youth, was, as he himself put it, filled mostly with "literature and laziness." Not until his final renunciation of city life and his return to the south did his best work begin. At first he made friends timidly. He was a man who could not brook opposition, who was extremely sensitive to rebuffs; and those good people of provincial France were brusquely aggressive in all their beliefs and traditions. At every thought he expressed they sneered. He clashed violently and disastrously with the local celebrities who had the sanction of the established schools. In Paris he had been a frank and even garrulous companion; but at each contact with the narrow, self-centred and righteous community of Aix, he withdrew into himself. His natural spontaneity and good fellowship turned inward, became restrained and pent-up. He

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grew sensitive and wary, and in later life this defensive attitude developed into abnormal irritability. To those who could understand, however, he unburdened himself on all subjects, and his opinions were always the result of profound thought. But he never entirely divulged his methods. If questions became too pertinent, he consciously led his interrogators astray. "They think I've got a trick," he would cry, "and they want to steal it. But nobody will ever put his hooks on me (*pas un ne me mettra le grappin dessus*)." He had already suffered enough at the hands of self-seekers. He had been extravagantly ridiculed by his boyhood friends. He had been robbed and bullied by his hired architect; and having money he had been considered prey by the village widows. He permitted himself to be browbeaten because of his antipathy to any kind of friction. It is small wonder he became misanthropic.

The popular opinion of Aix was that he was crazy, and his chroniclers, almost without exception, have echoed this belief. But, to the contrary, his was the highest type of the creative mind, always in search for something better, never satisfied with present results; the type of mind which gives no thought to the acquisition or retention of property. His joy lay in his creations of the moment, but his desires were far ahead. Some one who showed him one of his early treasured canvases, was ridiculed for liking "such things." Every day Cézanne watched his evolution: to him this progress was the essential thing. He left his unfinished works in the meadows, in studio corners, in the nursery. They have been found in the most out-of-the-way places. He had given large numbers of them to chance friends on the impulse of the moment. His son cut out the windows of his masterpieces for amusement, and his servant and his wife used his canvases for cleaning the stove. He saw his work put to these uses tranquilly, knowing that later he would do better, that he would "realize" more fully. His mind was too exalted to be impatient with the pettinesses of life. His great aversion was politics, and unlike Delacroix, he was above nationality. During the Franco-Prussian War he hid with a relative that he might pursue his own ideal rather than sacrifice himself for the protection of his tormentors. What did he care

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for France when his whole admiration was for Italy and Holland? Painting, not the preservation of nationality, was his innermost concern. In evading conscription he called down upon him the public abuse which such actions evoke. But it passed him by: he was too absorbed in his work to heed, just as later he was too engrossed to follow his mother's hearse to the funeral or to seek a market for his pictures. At every step he paused to study the rapports of line, of light, of shadow, of color. At table, in conversation or at church, he never for a moment lost sight of his desire. One can find a parallel for this intellectually ascetic creature only in the old martyrs. He was the type that renounces all the benefits and usufructs of life in order to follow the face of a dream.

With such self-confidence no adversity could daunt him, no logic draw from him a compromise, no flourish of enthusiasm distract him from his course. Zola says of him: "He is made in one piece, stiff and hard under the hand; nothing bends him; nothing can wrench from him a concession." This quality of character was a thing which Zola, the slave of words, could not understand. Cézanne, through much contact with letters, saw the danger of literature to the painter. "Literature," he wrote, "expresses itself through abstractions, while painting, by means of drawing and color, makes concrete the artist's sensations and perceptions." Zola libelled him at great length in *L'Œuvre*. Cézanne's reply was simply that Zola had a "mediocre intelligence" and was a "detestable friend." In their youth Cézanne took the ascendency over Zola in Latin and French verse; even in his old age he could recite long passages from Vergil, Lucretius and Horace. He knew literature and was able to judge it. His criticisms of Zola are as penetrating as any that realist has called forth. His reputation for barbarism, vulgarity and ignorance has little foundation in fact. To be sure, he did not desert his work for social activities: he despised the polished and shallow wit of men like Whistler: and he bitterly attacked those painters who strove for *salon* popularity. It is therefore not incredible that the accusations against him were but the world's retaliation for having been ignored by him.

Cézanne's work from the first contained the undeniable ele-

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ments of greatness. In his first, almost black-and-white still-lives, executed under the influence of Courbet (it is not tenable that they were done under Manet, as is commonly believed: they are too solidly formed for that), there is exhibited a passionate admiration for volume and for full and rich chiaroscuro. We are conscious of the artist's gropings for those fundamentals he was finally to discover in the seclusion of his rugged country of the south. Even his early figure pieces carry this sensual delight in objectivity to a greater height than did Delacroix, by whom they were inspired. And they attest to a freedom from academic principles which was not surpassed by the Impressionists. These paintings are classic in the best sense; in them is an orderliness which Manet and the Impressionists never possessed. Yet withal they are only the results of the literary influences from Delacroix and of his admirations for other painters. They are not purely creative, but the qualities of creation are there. To those who can read the signs, they unmistakably indicate the beginnings of a full and masterly growth.

His potentialities began to actualize with his comprehension of El Greco and the Venetians. From that period on his power for organization steadily developed, and it was still advancing at the time of his death. But organization touched only the compositional side of his work: it was the resultant element. His inspiration toward color, which emanated from Pissarro, was what precipitated him irrevocably into painting. Color, by presenting so many problems, claimed him entirely. To that Impressionist he owes much, not to that artist's actual achievement, but to the incentive he furnished. During his intimacy with Pissarro, Cézanne completed his assimilation of all the traits in others which were relative to himself. His beliefs and intransigencies became crystallized. The road opened into fields where that new element of color, which had taken on so vital a significance, led to an infinity of emotional possibilities. Though Cézanne never completely became a defender of Pissarro's theories, he always looked upon the Impressionists as innovators whose importance as such could not be overestimated. He realized that without them he himself would not have existed, and that they had sketched out a preface to all the great

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art which was to come. Without them there undoubtedly would have been great artists, but he knew that a painter with the means of a Renoir is greater than one who, though equally competent in organization, is limited in the mechanics of method. Restricted means permit only of restricted expression. The Impressionists, having made an advance in æsthetic procedure, facilitated the experimentations of Cézanne. But he in turn recognized the restrictions of the Impressionists' methods: indeed, he saw that their theories could apply only to a very circumscribed æsthetic field; and he was not content with them. He studied assiduously in the Louvre and absorbed the myriad impulses which had impelled the great masters of the past. The Louvre and Pissarro constituted his primer. From the one he got his impetus toward voluminous organization; from the other his impetus toward color. From their fragmentary teachings he went on to greater achievements.

There is little or no documentary history of Cézanne's early years. Consequently his youthful admirations are not recorded in detail. But we know enough to gauge his early tastes. He travelled in Holland and Belgium, and though he never went to Italy, he greatly admired Tintoretto and Veronese. He had a high esteem for that master of style, Luca Signorelli, who, had he not gone into architecture, might have become one of the world's great painters. In his studio Cézanne kept a water color by Delacroix—hung face to the wall that it might not fade—and beside it a lithograph by Daumier, whom he regarded highly. We may be sure he fully understood the limitations of these men aside from their ambitions. To him they were points of departure rather than goals to aspire to. Both of them he surpassed early in his career. Cézanne admired also the Dutch and Flemish masters. He had an old and dilapidated book of their reproductions, full of bad lithographs done by inferior craftsmen. But he overlooked all their defects in his remembrance of the originals. Here, as elsewhere, he ignored those details which to another would have militated against enjoyment. His mind was too comprehensive and analytic to be led astray by the flaws of an otherwise perfect work: it penetrated to the essentials first and remained there.

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Thus it was in his work. The exact reproduction of nature in any of its manifestations never held him for a moment. He saw its eternal aspect aside from its accidental visages caused by fluctuating lights. In this he was diametrically opposed to the Impressionists who recorded only nature's temporary phases. They captured and set down its atmosphere and were satisfied. Cézanne, regarding its atmosphere as an ephemerality, portrayed the *lasting force* of light. "One is the master of one's model and above all of one's means of expression," he wrote. "Penetrate what is before you, and persevere in expressing yourself as logically as possible." It is this penetration which separates Cézanne by an impassable gulf from those purely sensitive artists who are content with the merely physiological effects of an emotion. In the process of penetrating he became familiar with those undercurrents of causation from which have sprung the greatest art of all ages.

In a Cézanne of the later years not only is the form poised in three dimensions, but the very light also is poised. We feel in Cézanne the same completion we experience before a Rubens —that emotion of finality caused by the forms moving, swelling and grinding in an eternal order: and added to this completion of form, heightening its emotive power, is the same final organization of illumination. The light suggests no particular time of day or night; it is not appropriated from morning or afternoon, sunlight or shadow. So delicate and perfectly balanced is this light that, with the raising or the lowering of the curtain in the room where the picture hangs, it will darken or brighten perfectly, logically, proportionately with the outer light. It lives because it is painted with the logic of nature. Whether the picture be hung in a bright sunlight or in half gloom, it is a creature of its environment. Its planes, like those of nature, advance and recede, swell and shrink. In short, they are dynamic.

If this feat of Cézanne's seems to border on metaphysics, the reason is that there has been no precedent for it in history. It was, in fact, a purely technical accomplishment based wholly on the most stringently empirical research. The manner in which he arrived at this achievement may not be entirely in-

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susceptible of explanation. Let us first point out how the Impressionists broke up all their surfaces into minute sensitive parts, some of which reflected or absorbed more than others. That which gives us our sensation of color is the atomic preponderance of one of these attributes. Thus if an atom or combination of atoms reflects highly it translates itself through the retina into our brains as a high force, namely as a yellow. And again, if an atom absorbs more than it reflects, it takes and retains the reflective force of light, and, in discharging this limited power, produces in us the sensation of blue. Now, that point on a round object where the light is strongest is the point nearest the light. As the planes of the object curve away from the light they diminish in brilliancy. The further the plane from the point nearest the illumination, the less light it has to reflect. Consequently it will appear bluish. The Impressionists were satisfied with recording this blue of shadow merely as the complement of the light which was yellow. But Cézanne studied each degradation of tone from yellow to blue. In this study he discovered that light always graduates from warm to cold in precisely the same way; and that, provided the model is white, each step down the tonic scale is the same in no matter what object. But this discovery was little more than a premise. He was now necessitated to solve the problem of just how much the local color of an object modifies the natural colors of the light and shadow which reveal that object. In all colored objects the modifications are different, according to the laws of color complementaries and admixtures. By keeping these laws always in mind, and by applying his discovery of the consistent gradations of the colors of light, he was able to paint in such a way that, no matter how much or how little outside light of a uniform quality fell on his canvas, the colors he had applied would, as they retreated from the most highly illuminated point on the picture, absorb a graduatingly smaller quantity of actual light, and would thus create emotional form in the same manner that nature creates visual form. Hence, the planes in a Cézanne canvas advance or recede *en masse,* retaining their relativity, as the eye excludes or receives a greater or a lesser quantity of light; and since the light never remains the same for any period

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of time, the planes bulge toward the spectator and retract from him with each minute variation of illumination.

In all painting prior to Cézanne, the natural variations of light distorted the objects of a picture: that is to say, the colors of external light changed the character of the applied colors, making some advance and others retreat; and because these applied colors were not put on with the exact logic of natural gradations, the proportions between them could not be maintained. Thus in one light certain objects advanced more than others, and in another light certain objects receded more than others. Their relativity was lost. Hence, not only was the picture's composition and balance altered, but the appearance of its objects belied the actual measurements. These variations were so small that the untrained eye might not have seen them, any more than an untrained ear may detect the slight variations of pitch in music. But to the man whose eye is trained, even to the degree that a good musician's ear is trained, pictures appear "off" in the same way that a poorly tuned piano sounds "off" to the sensitive musician. Cézanne, had he never achieved any intrinsically great art, would still be a colossal figure in painting because of this basic and momentous discovery. The Impressionists had been content with the mere discovery of light. Their theory was, not that one can enjoy the natural light of out-of-doors more than the abstract light in a canvas, but that, since every one of nature's moods is the result of degrees of illumination, these moods can only be recorded by the depiction of natural light; and therefore out-of-door light is an æsthetic means. Cézanne recognized the limitations of this theory, but considered it an admirable opening for higher achievement. He thereupon stripped the Impressionists' means of their ephemeral plasticity, and, by using the principles, and not the results, of nature's method, gave them an eternal plasticity which no great art of the future can afford to ignore, and which in time, no doubt, will lead to the creation of an entirely new art.

Although Cézanne had many times given out broad hints of his methods, his friends and critics were too busy trying to discover other less concise qualities in his work to appreciate the full significance of his occasional words. Herein lies the

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main reason why an untechnical onlooker and admirer can never sound the depths of art. He is too detached, for, not having followed its logical evolution from the simplest forms to the most complex, he is unable to understand the complicated mechanism on which it is built. Critics for the most part are writers whose admiration for art has been born in front of the completed works of the great masters. Unable to comprehend them fully, they turn to a contemplation of the simple and naïf. Their process of evaluation is thus reversed. Great art is as a rule too compounded for their analytical powers, and they end by imagining that the primitives and the mosaicists represent the highest and most conscious type of the creative will. What to them is incomprehensible appears of little value; and here we find the explanation for the popular theory that the test of great art is its simplicity, its *humanitas,* its obviousness. Persons who would not pretend to grasp without study the principles of modern science, still demand that art be sufficiently lucid to be comprehended at once by the untutored mind. A physician may tell them of profundities in medical experimentation, and they will accept his views as those of an expert in a science of which they are ignorant. But when an artist tells them of recondite principles in æsthetics they accuse him of an endeavor to befuddle them. The isolation of bacteria and the application of serums and toxins are mysteries which call for respect. The equally scientific and obscure principles of color and form are absurd imaginings. And yet without a scientific basis art is merely an artifice—the New Thought in æsthetics. Readily comprehensible painting is no further advanced than readily comprehensible therapeutics.

Émile Bernard was little different from the average critic. In attributing to Cézanne his own limitations, he restricted what he might otherwise have learned. But the literalness with which he recorded the artist's sayings makes his book of paramount interest. We read, for instance, that Cézanne once remarked: "Here is something incontestable; I am most affirmative on this point: An optical sensation is produced in our visual organ by what we class as light, half tone or quarter tone, each plane being represented by color sensations. Therefore light as such

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does not exist for the painter." By this he broadly hinted at an absolute relativity between the degrees of light forces—a relativity which translates itself to us as color gradations. Again Cézanne said: "One should not say model but modulate. . . . Drawing and color are not distinct; as one paints one draws. The more the colors harmonize [namely: following nature's logical sequences], the more precise is the drawing." Precision in drawing to Cézanne meant among other things the ability to produce volume. Again: "When color is richest, form is at its plenitude. In the contrasts and rapports of tones, lies the secret of drawing and of modelling." In a letter he wrote: "Lines parallel to the horizon create vastness (*donnent l'étendue*), whether it be a section of nature, or if you choose, of the spectacle that the *Pater omnipotens æternus Deus* spreads before our eyes. Lines perpendicular to this horizon give depth. And since nature for us human beings exists in depth rather than surfacely, the painter is necessitated to introduce into light vibrations, represented by reds and yellows, a sufficient amount of blue to make the air felt."

These observations are of paramount interest because they touch on the essential principles of his *esthétique*. They are at once an explanation and a measure of his significance. Like all great truths, they appear simple after we know them, or rather after we have experienced them. Daumier might have stated with certitude the same principles in relation to tone, for he always practised them qualifiedly. Though his means were limited, he employed those means as fully as his materials permitted. Cézanne, because he possessed the greater element—color—constructed his canvases as nature presents her objects to the sight, as a unique whole. In all of the older painters drawing came first, chiaroscuro second and color third—three distinct steps, each one conceived separately. Daumier was the first painter to approach simultaneity in execution. Ignorant of color, he conceived his drawing and chiaroscuro together. Cézanne went a step beyond, and conceived his drawing, form and color as one and the same, in the exact manner that these qualities, united in each natural object, present themselves to the eye. His method was the same as the mechanism of human

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vision. Compared with Cézanne, Monet was only fragmentary. Not only in methods did they differ but in objective as well. The Impressionists' aim was to reproduce nature's externals: Cézanne's desire was to reproduce its solidity. Both achieved their ends. Cézanne's pictures are as impenetrable as sculpture. Every object seems hewn out of marble.

Solidity alone, however, though a high and necessary virtue of painting, is a limited quality. Unless it is made mobile it gives off the impression of rigidity. It is to painting what the rough clay is to sculpture—the dead material of art. In order for it to engender æsthetic empathy it must be organized, that is, it must be harmonized and poised in three dimensions in such a way that, should we translate our bodies into its spacial forms, we would experience its dynamism. This Cézanne did, and therein lay his claim to greatness. In his best canvases there seems no way of veering a plane, of imagining one plane changing places with another, unless every plane in the picture is shifted simultaneously. Cézanne's solidity is organized like the volumes in Michelangelo's best sculpture. Move an arm of any one of these statues, and every other part of the figure, down to the smallest muscle, must change position. Their plasticity, like Cézanne's, is perfect. There is a complete ordonnance between every minute part, and between every group of parts. Nothing can be added or taken away without changing the entire structure in all its finest details. Cézanne once said to Ambroise Vollard, a picture merchant, who had called attention to a small uncovered spot on a canvas which the artist had pronounced finished: "You will understand that if I were to put something there haphazardly, I should have to start the whole picture over from that point."

The individual solidity of Cézanne's color planes is due to the eternalism and absolutism of his light. But it was the other qualities which entered into his art which brought about the interdependence of the parts and evoked the sensation of unity we feel before them. One of these qualities was a perfect rapport of lines. Cézanne, better than any other painter up to his day, understood how one slanting line modifies its direction when coming in contact with another line moving from a different

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direction. When color was first investigated realistically, artists saw that two pure complementary tints, when juxtaposed, tended to draw away from each other and to differentiate themselves. Therefore they set about to study the influence that one color has upon another, assuming that lines were more static and absolute and consequently did not change at contact with other lines. Cézanne recognized the fallacy of this assumption, and wrote: "I see the planes crisscrossing and overlapping, and sometimes the lines seem to fall." He realized that the laws governing the opposition of line are most important in the production of the emotion of movement. In all the old painters this emotion was engendered by just such devices, but with them the laws were only dimly suspected—instincts rather than applied science. In contemplating their work we seem torn by some physical impulse to follow one line, but cannot, because the lure of the other line is equally great.

To the man of sensitive and trained eyesight, this physical emotion is incited also by nature, only nature is more complex than art and is without æsthetic finality. Thus in regarding the rapports of two lines in nature, one leaning to the right and one to the left, the highly sensitive person feels unrest and strife, and subconsciously produces order and calm by imagining a third line which harmonizes the original two. Cézanne looked upon nature with perhaps the most delicate and perceptive eye a painter has ever possessed, and his vision became a theatre for the violent struggles of some one line against terrible odds, for the warring clashes of inharmonious colors. He saw in objective nature a chaos of disorganized movement, and he set himself the task of putting it in order. In studying the variations and qualifications of linear directions in his model, he discovered another method of accentuating the feeling of dynamism in his canvases. He stated lines, not in their static character, but in their average of fluctuation. We know that all straight lines are influenced by their surroundings, that they appear bent or curved when related to other lines. The extent to which a line is thus optically bent is its extreme of fluctuability. Cézanne determined this extreme in all of his lines, and by transcribing them midway between their actual and optical states,

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achieved at once their normality and their extreme abnormality. The character, direction and curve of all lines in a canvas change with every shifting of the point of visual contact. Since the unity of a picture is different from every focus, all the lines consequently assume a slightly different direction every time our eye shifts from one spot to another. Cézanne, by recording the mean average of linear changeability, facilitated and hastened this vicissitude of mutation.

Another contribution he made to painting was his application of the stereoscopic function of the eye to all models by means of color. From the earliest art to Cézanne, objects have been portrayed as if conceived *in vacuo,* with absolute and delimited contours. Such portrayals are directly opposed to our normal vision, for whenever we look at any object, each eye records a different perspective representation of that object; there is a distinct binocular parallax. Certain parts are seen by one eye which are invisible to the other. But these two visual impressions are perceived simultaneously, combined in one image; that is to say, the optic axes converge at such an angle that both the right and left monocular impressions are superimposed. The single impression thus produced is one of perspective and relief. This is a rudimentary law in the science of optics, but on it our accuracy of vision has always depended. In the lenticular stereoscope the eyeglasses are marginal portions of the same convex lens, which, when set edge to edge, deflect the rays from the picture so as to strike the eyes as if coming from an intermediate point. By this bending of the rays, the two pictures become one impression, and present the appearance of solid forms as in nature. The problem of how to transcribe on a flat surface in a single picture the effect later produced by a stereoscope with two pictures, has confronted painters for hundreds of years. Leonardo da Vinci in his *Trattato della Pittura* recorded the fact that our vision encompasses to a slight degree everything that passes before it; that we see around all objects; and that this encircling sight gives us the sensation of rotundity. But neither he, nor any artist up to Cézanne, was able to make æsthetic use of the fact. The vision of all older painting (although by the use of line and

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composition it became plastic because used as a detail) was the vision of the man with one eye, for a one-eyed man sees nature as a flat plane: only by association of the relative size of objects is he capable of judging depth. Cézanne saw the impossibility of producing a double vision by geometric rules, and approached the problem from another direction. By understanding the functioning elements of color in its relation to texture and space, he was able to paint forms in such a way that each color he applied took its relative position in space and held each part of an object stationary at any required distance from the eye. As a result of his method we can judge the depth and sense the solidity of his pictures as we do in nature.

Cézanne was ever attempting to solve the problem of the dynamics of vision. An analysis of his pictures often reveals a uniform leaning of lines—a tendency of all the objects to precipitate themselves upon a certain spot, like the minute flotsam on a surface of water being sucked through a drain-hole. We find an explanation for this convergence in one of his letters. He says: "In studying nature closely, you will observe that it becomes concentric. I mean that on an orange, an apple, a ball or a head there is a culminating point; and this point, despite the strong effects of light and shadow which are color sensations, is always the nearest to our eye. The edges of objects retreat toward a centre which is located on our horizon." It is small wonder that Cézanne, obsessed with the idea of form and depth, should have had little admiration for his contemporaries, Van Gogh and Gauguin, both of whom were workmen in the flat. He let pass no opportunity of expressing himself on these artists who of late years have become so popular. Van Gogh was to him only another Pointillist; and he called Gauguin's work "*des images Chinoises,*" adding, "I will never accept his entire lack of modelling and gradation." Does not this explain his aversion to the primitives in whom he saw but the rudiments of art? How could Cézanne, preoccupied with the most momentous problems of æsthetics, take an interest in enlarged book illuminations, when the most superficial corner of his slightest canvas had more organization and incited a greater æsthetic emotion than all the mosaics in S. Vitale at Ravenna?

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Cézanne was never attracted by the facial expressions, the manual attitudes, or the graceful poses of his models. The characteristics of materiality meant nothing to him. He was perpetually searching for something more profound, and began his art where the average painter leaves off. Realistic attributes are interesting only as decoration; they are indicative of the simplicity of man's mind; they are unable to conduce an extended æsthetic experience. Van Gogh and Gauguin said well what they had to say, but it was so slight that it is of little interest to us to-day. We demand a greater stimulus than an art of two dimensions can give; our minds instinctively extend themselves into space. So it was with Cézanne. He left no device untried which would give his work a greater depth, a more veritable solidity. He experimented in color from this standpoint, then in line, then in optics. With the results of this research he became possessed of all the necessary factors of colossal organization. He knew that, were these factors rightly applied, they would produce a greater sensation of weight, of force and of movement than any artist before him had succeeded in attaining.

Their application presented to Cézanne his most difficult problem. He must use his discoveries in these three fields in such a way that the very disposition of weights would produce that perfect balance of stress and repose, out of which emanates all æsthetic movement. The simplest manifestation of this balance is found in the opposition of line; but in order to complete this linear adjustment there must be an opposition of colors which, while they must function as volumes, must also accord with the character of the natural object portrayed. In short, there must be an opposition of countering weights, not perfectly balanced so as to create a dead equality, but rhythmically related so that the effect is one of swaying poise. Obviously this could not be accomplished on a flat surface, for the emotion of depth was a necessity to the recognition of equilibrium. Cézanne finally achieved this poise by a plastic distribution of volumes over and beside spacial vacancies. He mastered this basic principle of the hollow and the bump only after long and trying struggles and tedious experimentations. He translated it into terms of his

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own intellection: to the extent that there was order within him, so was he able to put order into his pictures. This vision of his was intellectual, rather than optical; and M. Bernard unnecessarily tells us that, so sure was Cézanne of his justification, he placed his colors on canvas with the same absolutism he used in expressing himself verbally. His art was his thought given concrete form through the medium of nature. His painting was the result of a mental process—an intellectual conclusion after it had been weighed, added to, subtracted from, modified by exterior considerations, and at last brought forth purged and clarified and as nearly complete as was his development at the time.

For this reason Cézanne resented the presence of people while he worked. To attain his ends his mind had to be concentrated on its ultimate ambition. It could support no disturbing factors. Even though he had no trick which might be copied, he once said to a friend: "I have never permitted anyone to watch me while I work. I refuse to do anything before anyone." Had he allowed spectators to stand over him, he probably would have fatigued them, for his work progressed by single strokes interspersed by long periods of reflection and analysis. M. Bernard would hear him descend to the garden a score of times during the day's work, sit a moment and rush back to the studio as though some solution had presented itself to him suddenly. At other times he would walk back and forth before his picture, awaiting the answer to a problem before him. It is such deliberateness in great artists which has, curiously enough, acquired for them a reputation for esotericism. Their moments of deep contemplation and their sudden plunges into labor have been interpreted as periods of intellectual coma shot through occasionally by "divine flashes of inspiration" coming from an outside agent. The reverse is true, however. An artist retains his sentiency at all times. He necessarily works consciously, with the same intellectual labors as a scientist. A painter can no more produce a great picture unwittingly than an inventor can construct an intricate machine unwittingly. They are both laborers in the most plebeian sense.

Cézanne's hatred for facile and thoughtless workmen who

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continually entertain amateurs, was monumental. To him they were pupils who, by learning a few rules, were able to paint conventional pieces after the manner of thousands who had gone before. They represented the academicians with whom every country is overrun—the suave and satisfied craftsmen who epitomize mediocrity, whose appeal is to minds steeped in pedantry and conservatism. In France they come out of the Government-run Beaux Arts school, to which the incompetents of both America and England flock. Cézanne harbored a particular enmity for that school; anyone who had passed through it aroused his scorn. "With a little temperament anyone can be an academic painter," he said. "One can make pictures without being a harmonist or a colorist. It is enough to have an art sense—and even this art sense is without doubt the horror of the bourgeois. Thus the institutes, the pensions and the honors are only made for cretins, farceurs and drolls."

In writing of Cézanne one is led to make a comparison between him and his great compatriot, Renoir, for it is almost unbelievable that one century could have produced two such radically different geniuses. Renoir, first of all, was not an innovator: he was the consummation of Impressionistic means. In Cézanne, to the contrary, we see a man dissatisfied with the greatest results of others, ever tortured by the search for something more final, more potent. "Let us not be satisfied with the formulas of our wonderful antecedents," he said many times, and he might have added, "and of our wonderful contemporaries." Renoir was the apex of an art era, while Cézanne was the first segment of a greater and vaster cycle. Renoir, by mastering his means at an early date, acquired a technical facility to which Cézanne, ever on the hunt for deeper conceptions, never attained. Renoir's genius was for line rhythm. In the acquisition of this there entered, in varying degree, form, color and light; but the line itself was his preoccupation. Cézanne's genius was for plastic volume out of which the rhythmic line resulted. That is, the one constructed his creations out of color and made color appear like form; while in the other's creations, which are the result of color, the color is *felt to be form*. In Renoir is *recognized* the solidity and depth of form, while in

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Cézanne the color is a functional element whose dynamism gives birth to form which is *felt subjectively*. Renoir synthesizes nature's forms, by grouping them in such a way that the lines move and are harmonious. Cézanne looks for the synthesis in each subject he sits before, and instead of grouping his forms arbitrarily, he penetrates to their *inherent* synthesis. This is why almost every one of his pictures is built on a different synthetic form. His penetration gave him at each essay a different vision of the organisms of a particular subject, a vision which varied as the subject varied. In Renoir movement is attained by *relating the lines:* Cézanne has produced harmony by *accentuating their differences.* In the former the lines lead smoothly and fluently into others, until they all culminate in a line which carries the movement to a finality; while in the latter we feel little of that suavity of sequence: the lines are formed by the spaces between his volumes rather than by linear continuation. Cézanne, if less pleasing, is the more powerful; and with all his lack of suavity he is the more complex and less monotonous. The extraordinary *imprévu* of his formal developments and his unique manner of stating parallels recall the symphonic works of Beethoven. The ensembles of both are made up of an infinity of smaller forms, and both display a colossal power of absoluteness in setting forth each smallest form. Renoir's work is more on the lines of Haydn.

After Michelangelo, there was no longer any new inspiration for sculpture. After Cézanne, there was no longer any excuse for it. He has made us see that painting can present a more solid vision than that of any stone image. Against modern statues we can only bump our heads: in the contemplation of modern painting we can exhaust our intelligences. Cézanne is as much a reproach to sculpture as Renoir is to those who continue to use Impressionist methods. He is the great prophet of future art, as well as the consummater of the realistic vision of his time. Both men deformed nature's objects—Renoir slightly to meet the demands of consistency in his preconceived compositions; Cézanne to a greater extent in order to make form voluminous. Some of his deformations resulted from extraneous line forces which, when coming in contact with an object's con-

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tour, made it lean to the right or left, or in some other way take on an abnormal appearance as of convexity or concavity.

M. Bernard thinks these irregularities in Cézanne the result of defective eyesight. But such an explanation is untenable. There is abundant evidence to show that, to the contrary, they are the result of a highly sensitized sight—a sight which simultaneously calls up the complementary of the thing viewed, whether it be a line, a color or a tone. This double vision is only a dependency of the plastic mind which, instead of approaching a problem from the nearest side, throws itself automatically to the opposite side, and, by thus obtaining a double approach, arrives at a fuller comprehension. While slanting his line and distorting his volumes, Cézanne was unconsciously moulding the parts to echo the organization of the whole. In turning his pictures into block-manifestations, he strove for a result which would conduce to a profounder æsthetic pleasure than did the linear movements of Renoir. After we have enjoyed Renoir's rhythms we can lay them aside for the time as we can a very beautiful but simple melody. The force of Cézanne strikes us like that of a vast bulk or a mountain. Contemplating his work is like coming suddenly face to face with an ordered elemental force. At first we are conscious only of a shock, but when our wonder has abated, we find ourselves studying the smaller forms which go into the picture's making. In the 1902 Baigneuses of Renoir each separate figure is a beautiful and complete form which fits into and becomes part of the general rhythm. In Cézanne the importance of parts is entirely submerged in the effect of the whole. Here is the main difference between these two great men: we enjoy each part of Renoir and are conducted by line to a completion; in Cézanne we are struck simultaneously by each interrelated part. Viewing a canvas of the latter is like going out into the blazing sunlight from the cool sombreness of a house. At first we are aware only of the force of the light, but as we gradually become accustomed to the glare, we begin to perceive separately objects which before had been only a part of the general impression. The fact that Cézanne invariably spoke of the "motif" should have given his friends a clue to his conception of composition. Before him

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composition had been to a great extent the formation of a simple melody of line in three dimensions, constructed by the forms of objects. It corresponded to the purely melodious in music, the opening of the theme, its sequence of phrasing and the finale. Cézanne chose a motif, and in each movement of his picture it is to be found, varied, elaborated, reversed and developed. Each part of his canvas is a beginning, yet each part, though distinct as a form, is perfectly united both with the opening motif and with every variation of it.

In this little understood side of Cézanne's genius lies an infinity of possibilities. Without an ability to organize, all his knowledge is worthless to the painter. He himself could apply it, and his understanding of the exact adaptability of a form to a hollow permitted him to express his knowledge with a force his followers lack. His sensitiveness to spaces and the characters of his forms recall at times the works of Mokkei, who used protuberances and hollows (namely: accidents of portraiture and landscape) to enrich and diversify form. Nature to Cézanne was not simple, and he never depicted it thus. Even in his bathing pieces, whose disproportions are deplored by many, the composition is minutely conceived, not on a simple harmonic figure, but on complicated oppositional planes. Not only are the surface forms perfectly adapted to a given space, but the directions taken by these forms are as solidly indicated and the vacancies made by them are as solidly filled in, as in a Rubens. Indeed, these canvases, as block-manifestations, are nearly as perfect as the pictures of El Greco, who was the greatest master of this kind of composition.

Cézanne should be numbered among the experimenters in art. With him, as with the Impressionists, the desire was to learn rather than to utilize discoveries. The painters from Courbet to Cézanne were the first to usher in an authentically realistic art mode, and they were also the first who sensed the possibilities of inanimate reality for æsthetic organization. Others before them had regarded nature strictly *en amateur,* using only the human body for abstract purposes. Even Michelangelo said that aside from it there was nothing worth while. These modern innovators refuted his assertion by proving the

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contrary; namely, by introducing order into chaotic nature. Their simple arrangements, however, would not have satisfied Michelangelo, who, like all men who come at a florescence when the lessons have been learned and it remains only to apply them, demanded an arbitrary organization which should be not only ordered but composed. Cézanne did little composing in the melodic sense of the word. He stopped at the gate of great composition which, after pointing the future way, he left for his successors to enter. His synthetic interest was limited to the eternal fugue qualities of nature. He undoubtedly saw the futility of creating polyphonic composition from lemons and napkins, but he had not found a menstruum in which the qualities of his materials would disappear. The old masters had done all that was possible with the recognizable human body; Cézanne's desires for the purification of painting kept him from attempting to improve on their medium.

Among a great scope of oil subjects, one cannot say through which of them Cézanne has exerted the strongest influence. His landscapes have made as many disciples as his portraits, and his figure pieces and still lives are universally copied. But his greatest work, his water colors, has almost no following. In these he found his most facile and fluent expression. His method of working in oil had always been the posing of small, slightly oblong touches of color which gave his canvases the appearance of perfect mosaics. In his water color pictures these touches are placed side by side with little or no thought of their ultimate objective importance, and they become larger planes of unmixed tints juxtaposed in such a way that voluminous form results. His work in this most difficult medium has an abstract significance, for in it even the objective coloring of natural objects is unnoticeable. The colors stand by themselves; and while the aspect of Cézanne's pictures in this medium is flat and almost transparent, the subjective emotion we feel before them is greater than in his oil work. In these pictures there was no going back to retouch. They had to be visualized as a whole before they could be commenced. Each brush stroke had to be a definite and irretrievable step toward the completion of the ensemble. As we study them, a slow shifting of the planes

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is felt: an emotional reconstruction takes place, and at length the volumes begin their turning, advancing and retreating as in his oil paintings, only here the purely æsthetic quality is unadulterated by objective reality. In these water colors, more than in any of his other work, has he posed the question of æsthetic beauty itself. When we contemplate them, we are more than ever convinced that Cézanne was the first painter, that is, the first man to express himself entirely in the medium of his art, color. Unfortunately these pictures are difficult of access. Only occasionally are they exposed in a group. Bernheim-Jeune has a magnificent collection of them, and it is to be hoped they will soon find their way into public museums. Eventually, when a true comprehension of this great man comes, they will supplant his other efforts. His desires for a pure art are here expressed most intensely.

Cézanne, however, is not always able to " realize," as he put it. Even in these water colors he did not attain his desire. He started too late in life to acquire complete mastery over his enormous means. " One must be a workman in one's art, must know one's method of realization," he said. " One must be a painter by the very qualities of painting, by making use of the rough materials of art." He failed to gain that great facility by which supreme realization is achieved, because the span of life accorded him was too short. He was old when his best work was begun, and like Joseph Conrad, he had passed his youth before the great ambition fired him. " Realizing " to him meant the handling of his stupendous means as easily as the academicians handled their puny ones. This he could never do, and his age haunted him to the end. Many have taken him literally when he said he desired to expose in Bouguereau's salon, but though he earnestly wished it, he desired to be received there as Bouguereau was: as one who had mastered his expression. " The exterior appearance is nothing," he explained. " The obstacle is that I don't realize sufficiently." In other words, he did not have great enough fluency to permit only the highest qualities of his art to be felt. In his gigantic efforts to " realize," his pictures changed color and form many times before they were finished. His respect and admiration for inferior

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men like Bouguereau and Couture were due to their enviable facility in handling their means. He knew that the fundamental and unalterable laws of organization had been found and perfected by the old masters and that, so long as we were human, we must build on their discoveries. "Only to realize like the Venetians!" he cried. And later: "We must again become classicists by way of nature, that is to say, by sensation. . . . I am old, and it is possible I shall die without having attained this great end." A year before his death he said: "Yes, I am too old; I have not realized, and I shall never realize now. I shall remain the primitive of the way I have discovered."

The prediction proved true, but his destiny was none the less a glorious one. Deprived of the phrenetic impulse which took him in all weathers over country roads to the "motif" from six o'clock in the morning until dark, he would never have achieved what he did. The fact of this great modern genius going to work in a hired rig when too weak to walk, should be a lesson to those painters who are always awaiting the combination of propitious circumstances which will provide them with a perfect studio, a perfect model and a perfect desire. Cézanne, however, knew his high place in art history. Once when Balzac's *Le Chef-d'Œuvre Inconnu* was brought up in conversation and the name of its hero, Frenhofer, was mentioned, he arose with tears in his eyes and indicated himself with a single gesture. So sure was he of what he wanted to do that when he failed he discarded his canvases. Many of them are only half covered. He could never pad merely to fill out an arbitrary frame.

With Cézanne's death came his apotheosis. As he had predicted, thousands rushed in and cleverly imitated his surfaces, his color gamuts, his distortions of line. His white wooden tables and ruddy apples and twisted fruit dishes have lately become the etiquette of sophistication. But all this is not authentic eulogy. Derain, his most ardent imitator, is as ignorant of him as Archipenko is of Michelangelo. And the majority of those who have written books concerning him merely echo the unintelligent commotion that goes on about his name. Cézanne's significance lies in his gifts to the painters of the

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future, to those in whom the creative instinct is a sacred and exalted thing, to those serious and solitary men whose insatiability makes of them explorers in new fields. To such artists Cézanne will always be the primitive of the way that they themselves will take, for there can be no genuine art of the future without his directing and guiding hand. His postulates are too solidly founded on human organisms ever to be ignored. He may be modified and developed: he can never be set aside until the primal emotions of life are changed. Only to-day is he beginning to be understood, and even now his claim to true greatness is questioned. But Cézanne, judged either as a theorist or as an achiever, is the preëminent figure in modern art. Renoir alone approaches his stature. Purely as a painter he is the greatest the world has produced. In the plastic arts he is surpassed only by El Greco, Michelangelo and Rubens.

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NAN

Mary Mears

NAN HOLDEN'S life, with lapses of time between the scenes and changes of background, unrolled itself under my eyes for several years, and if I am to tell her story, it must be in the manner of moving pictures.

When I first saw her she was standing in the yard back of the Clarendon post-office and general store, smashing bottles of beer, hard cider, and whisky against a stone. The stone was embedded in glass, showing this was by no means her first raid. I was a sickly youth, consumed with desire to be an artist (my dream began and ended with the purchase of *The Lives of the Painters*), and as I peered at Nan through a crack in the fence, my heart leaped like a frog in a pool. Surrounded by a group of sheepish men, all lit up by the sun, she was a magnificent spectacle. With her serene brow, her frank, purposeful eyes, her parted, just-smiling lips, and heroic frame, she had the look of an avenging angel. Employing an open, sweeping motion which brought every muscle of her back into play, she smashed with business-like thoroughness. But now and again she paused with bottle or jug suspended at the end of a bare, beautiful arm, to inquire, "Yours, Jim Billings? Ikie Goldstein? Claim your property if you want it. If not, here goes!" And thereupon the liquid with its maddening odor ran out over the ground.

The faces of the men were a study. Clarendon was "dry," and its entire supply of liquor came in hidden in Jim Billings' meal bags when he drove home from the mill at Rutland. For years the men's custom had been to secrete the stuff in the packing of the icehouse back of the general store and consume it after business hours. But Nan Holden, when her husband was made post-master, elected to change all that. And, alone and unaided, one woman against two score or more men, she was changing it fast. The fact that Sydney was fond of his glass, added to her zeal.

The men's faces were a dark red, and they quivered all over, like beaten dogs, as *smash, smash, smash,* went bottle after bot-

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tle. And the funny thing about it all was, not one of them dared lift his voice to claim the stuff. Had one of them spoken, Nan would have handed him over to the sheriff in short order. And the men knew this. So, while the confiscation went on, they held silence, but with their eyes they hated her as they would hate her later with their tongues. Heavens! how they would talk of her over at the hotel, commiserating Sydney profoundly on having such a wife.

Nan, however, cared little what the men thought about her, or so she assured me next day, when, shy and embarrassed, but warm in her praise, I introduced myself to her. None of the mud of the place—and there was a good deal—stuck to her, she insisted. In the little raw, half-civilized Vermont hamlet, with its few decent women, and those few afraid to patronize what should have been the leading store because of the loafers, she had espoused the cause of righteousness and she had the independence of public opinion that characterizes all true reformers. The truth was, she was at that time doing more for Clarendon than its two schools and three churches combined. Her standard of justice was of the Old Testament order, especially when applied to her own individual problems. It was literally the tooth-for-a-tooth kind, as you shall hear.

I was only nineteen, a run-down little office clerk, and when Nan looked at me, all the mother in her (her baby was born some five months later) sprang to my rescue.

"You'll move right over here," she announced at the conclusion of my call. "That hotel ain't no place for a young chap like you. You'll have that little room at the head of the stairs and I'll feed you up. Then we'll see what's what."

To my protest that I would add to her work, she laughed. "Bless you! One more won't make no difference, especially as you'll eat with Sydney and me, which is to say, you'll eat Protestant. You are a Protestant, ain't you?"

I told her that my family were all Congregationalists.

"Same as us," she declared delightedly. "I cook for Ikey Goldstein, who butchers for my husband, and Ikey is a Jew, which means that I have to cook his meat in separate pots and pans, and cook it different. Though many's the time," she inter-

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polated humorously, "that I run short of Ikey's kind and give him a piece of our beef or mutton, and he don't know the difference neither,—and Ikey's Sunday comes on Saturday. Then there's old Michael Flaherty, who works the garden, and he's a Catholic and won't touch meat on Fridays noway, but must have his fish. But you'll eat Protestant and that'll be a comfort."

That same afternoon I moved over bag and baggage, and at supper met Sydney and old Michael Flaherty. Sydney gave me a cordial grip of the hand, then shoved toward me a heaping plate of pork and beans and a tumbler of buttermilk. He was a good-looking fellow, with strong shoulders and neck, and wild, stubborn hair. Had it not been for an affection of the eyes which caused him to wink rapidly he would have been handsome. As to his character, it was a bit weak in spots. But most folks' are.

Old Michael, when we were presented, gave me a solemn bob of the head and a glance that was penetrating—penetrating. Though his face showed as many lines as a Government map, the essential youth in him peeped out between the wrinkles. There was an unmistakable force of intellect to be reckoned with in Michael, whatever else might be said of him. In his young manhood in Ireland he had been a civil engineer. But from one thing to another he had descended, until now, in his seventy-fifth year, with a thirst for drink that far exceeded Sydney's, and with his only kindred, a daughter, wholly disowning him, he had come under Nan's watchful eye. Strange fate that gave two such men into the care of such a woman. But I suppose her strength demanded their weakness.

Ostensibly old Michael took care of the Holdens' garden: in reality Nan took care of old Michael. Many and many a time, when the Irishman failed to come home at night, I saw Nan go in search of him and bring him back and dose him up and set him in the straight path again. The first time I witnessed his fall, I was ashamed of old Michael as a specimen of my sex, and offered to perform these services for him; but Nan waved me off.

"You leave him to *me*," she ordered, "those hounds have

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made him drunk again. But it ain't his fault, poor old man." And I was amazed to see tears in her eyes.

And so the weeks flew by and I found myself living under the roof with an angel. And the queer thing about it was, no one saw the angel but me. Old Michael and Sid saw a woman—a very good sort, to be sure; in fact, the most satisfactory sort. They saw in Nan a woman a man could depend upon and look up to, without, however, giving the matter much thought; the kind of woman a man could love, without saying much about it. Syd, as a matter of fact, adored Nan. But he didn't worship her—and that's what he should have done.

I had been with the Holdens a fortnight when Nan confided to me her secret ambition. She was a good deal worried that morning. For one thing, at nine o'clock Sydney was still sleeping heavily, and she had to sort the mail; and for another, Michael was going about with his mouth set to a line, for Nan, as he knew well, had a mighty keen scent for telltale fumes on a man. However, when she returned to the kitchen he threw caution to the wind. Some packages of seeds had come from the greenhouse and he had worked himself into a passion over the labels.

"*Turns!*" he cried, "whoever heerd tell of *turns?* Shure, it's no vegetable for a Christian man, same as meself, to be digging and sweating to raise from the clods of the earth."

Nan left her tubs and went out on the back porch. "Turnips, Michael," she explained.

"Turnips nauthing!" he stormed. None the less he wrote the proper word on the package in a firm round hand that would have done credit to a boy.

"They're abbreviations, Michael," she remarked pacifically.

"To hell with abbreviations!" he cried. "The idiot what wrote 'um had no eddication, else why did he skimp the letters with the whole great alphabet lying idle to his hand?"

He rose, but paused at the bottom of the steps to deliver a parting, irrelevant shot: "Don't you know the darkness of the night is no time for a dacent woman to be traipsing abroad?" he demanded. "Do you stop within after this."

This assertiveness of the primitive male rising triumphant

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in the old Irishman, who now had no womenfolk of his own to lord it over, and who was, in truth, as humble as a kitten before Nan, delighted both her and me.

I strolled into the kitchen. "Were you out last night, Nan?" I asked innocently. (She allowed me to call her by her first name; it made us both feel more friendly.) And then I realized that I should not have alluded to her mission of the previous evening. She put more hot water in the tub; then faced me.

"I want Sydney to go back to the undertaking," she said. "It is a much payinger business than store and post-office keeping. And Sydney is a first-class undertaker, and I'm a good assistant, for I was a trained nurse before I married, and I got used to corpses then. That was how I met Sydney, through a patient of mine who died and whose hair I was called in to do up. Sydney had charge of the funeral."

"I see," I murmured. "But does Sydney want to go back to the business you speak of? You'd have to leave Clarendon, wouldn't you, if you did that?"

"Yes," she assented. "We'd have to go somewhere where the folks was particular how they was buried. For nothing shows genteelness in families more than the kind of funerals they give. And of course here the folks ain't genteel either in their living or their dying."

"Well, would Sydney be willing to leave this place?" I questioned. "He likes it here, you know; likes it immensely. But he doesn't seem to see what the life means for you," I added, with a touch of feeling. I was sure enough of Nan's affection to risk a candid remark now and then.

She never changed a hair. She was the embodiment of dignity. Her matrimonial problems were her own and she kept them so. I grew hot faced and was muttering an apology, when she turned to me.

"I think Sydney will be ready to leave here before many months," she said quietly. "I think he'll see *then* that it will be best for all concerned." Her voice had a ring hopeful and prophetic and her eyes a deep light. But I was far from understanding what she meant. In fact, I did not understand until the following summer.

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II

I was once more looking for a place in which to recover strength during August and September, when I received a note from Sydney. He opened by telling me of his removal to North Truro, where he was established in the undertaking line, in proof of which he called my attention to his letterhead, a design representing a hearse drawn by a pair of sprightly horses, the whole turnout enclosed in a neat memorial wreath. And then incidentally he told me of the birth of their boy. He added that Nan (not he himself, mind) was anxious that I should see John Holden, and would be glad to have me summer with them if I cared to do so. The next morning I started for North Truro.

I found Nan lining a coffin.

If my heart had bounded and leaped the first time I ever saw her, this time it seemed to clean leave my breast. I am not exaggerating when I say that her beauty; no, graciousness; no, grandeur, took me so by storm that I stood stockstill by the gate and for a full minute could get no nearer. It was artistic, almost religious ecstasy that chained me. But Nan would have drawn reverence just then from the veriest dolt.

Before an open door which let the sunlight and wind into a low-ceiled room, she was standing with bent head. Her skirts and stray locks of her hair were in rippling motion. She was all glowing with the rich contentment of life. But beyond her the shadows deepened and I saw the black hole of a fireplace. She had paused in her lugubrious task to do—what think you? Nurse her babe. The child's face, all but one flushed cheek, was lost in the amplitude of her breast. Her right arm supported it, the wrist and hand describing that curve that makes a man want to weep or go on his knees, it is so infinitely tender. Her other hand, still grasping the hammer, rested on the coffin ledge. So she stood between light and darkness, life and death, and: "Jove!" I thought, remembering my *Painters,* "what a subject for an Albrecht Dürer or a Holbein!"

Even now the memory of the greeting I received from both Syd and Nan makes me tingle. Oh, the simple, kind hearts! I

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had never had a home and they vied with each other in welcoming me to theirs.

They exhibited their house to me. It was a double affair, big and old and rambling; and on the *living* side Nan reigned, sewing and cooking for her family; and on the *dead* side Sydney ruled, laying out corpses in his undertaking parlor or "studio," as he called it. This house, they intimated, was as much my house as theirs, if I cared so to consider it; and the baby as much my baby, that is, if I wanted him. And I did want him, decidedly. Naturally, as neither his father nor his mother lacked splendid, firm, rosy flesh, John Holden was a regular dumpling. He had a fascinating coo, and a pair of fists like miniature sledge hammers. He was just the sort of a baby one would expect to find in the arms of such a pair.

The next morning I woke to the sound of old Michael's rich brogue. He was singing in the garden.

"Yes," Nan explained, when I questioned her; "when we left Clarendon, as old Michael's daughter wouldn't have him (nice lot she is), Syd got the old man a good place on a farm. But we hadn't been here long when one day I looked out of the window and seen him coming cross lots from the depot, carrying a potato sack in which he'd crammed everything he owned in the world, even to a pair of worn-out galluses I once knit for him. He come in at that door and settin' down in a chair began to cry. We never thought he'd be willing to stay, for no liquor's to be had here under forty mile. But from that day to this he ain't said a word about leaving. He knows we'll take care of him as long as he lives; and when he dies Syd's promised to give him as good a funeral as anyone could ask. So he's contented."

"And you and Syd?" I inquired.

The question was unnecessary, for my first glance at Nan had told me that she was now deeply tranquil. The people of North Truro, instead of being drinkers and rioters, were highly respectable citizens who supported churches and schools that were all that could be desired by one looking anxiously forward to the education of a young John. But, strange irony, the town had one drawback: its death rate was amazingly low. It was

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one of those superlatively healthful places where even the aged linger on year after year with no abatement of vitality.

"Of course we don't want folks to die," Nan declared, "though there bein' next to no funerals does make things hard for us. However," she added cheerfully, "so far Syd's had a good many odd jobs, and I guess things will pan out all right. He's painting the Methodist church now. Then mornings and evenings he goes to that great mansion top of the hill and takes care of Mr. Cobb.

"Silas Cobb's a three-year paralytic," she explained, "and he's that cranky no regular nurse can get along with him. Sydney goes and gives him his breakfast and in the evening he goes again and puts him to bed. Mis' Cobb, she manages to take care of him during the day, and she's 'bout played out. But not her husband. Why, every day he insists on being skewered up in a b'iled shirt and high collar, so that to get him dressed is a great howdedo. And evenings, he often keeps Syd waiting hours before he'll let himself be put to bed. But Syd, he's glad to have the case, though it don't pay much, for the understanding is that when Cobb dies, Syd's to have the funeral, and it's to be a first-class one."

III

I left in September, and almost three years went by before I saw Syd and Nan again. When finally I ran up there, what a changed household I found! The baby, John, was no longer with them. He was not dead—no, not dead. But I'll give you the story as I grasped it from Sydney's incoherent account—and from Nan's eyes. Those clear pools of humor and tenderness under her lovely brow had become pits of blank, hard suffering. It was evident that Nan, deprived of her young, would have gone completely mad but for the fundamental reliability of her character. That wouldn't allow her to become unhinged or to die like a weaker woman, but kept her sane and whole to realize the highest pitch of suffering. Nan still attended to her household duties, thoroughly, if automatically, and the only change one saw in her was a dazed indifference to people. Even when she

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looked directly at them, she no longer seemed to see them. With Michael alone was she anything like her old self.

It was pitiful to note the maternal, fussy care she bestowed on the Irishman. And Michael, with a quiver along his lip and a side glance that sought to explain, let her do as she would with him. She used to brush his hair and retie his cravat a dozen times a day. Children, however, she avoided as if the sight of them were torture. The glimpse of a little tot, especially, would turn her into a woman who neither moved nor spoke for hours.

As is often the case with fat babies, little John was croupy. And the second winter, croup was followed by pneumonia. There were no jobs of painting or carpentry for Sydney and no funerals. Silas Cobb, though he could no longer hold up his head or articulate, refused to die, and while evil burned a last murky flame in his heart, John Holden battled with all his baby strength for his life.

Vibrating as he did between sick-room and sick-room, Sydney managed to keep up courage. Despite the conditions existing at home, he never failed in his care of Cobb. And at last, as if by way of reward, the doctor declared that danger for John was over, providing he were taken to a warmer climate. "Your wife must take him to that sister of hers in Virginia," he ordered. "If she doesn't, I won't be responsible."

That night Sydney met temptation face to face. From being a thing of pygmy size which he had managed thus far to ignore, it suddenly assumed the proportions of a giant, and, well—it conquered him.

The cold was so intense he had to stay the entire night with Cobb in order to keep the fire going in the sick-room. At about twelve o'clock the paralytic worked himself up into one of his states of fiendish restlessness, and Sydney, instead of administering a dose of heart-stimulant and remaining with him to see that he did not slide into a position inimical to life, went into the kitchen, lit a fire in the cook stove, and, taking the thermometer from its hook outside the door, began calmly thawing it out. It was as if thawing that thermometer was the one important thing in the world. Fear for his child clutched him. And the man went down before the father. Fixing his thoughts on the

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congealed mercury, he waited until in the room beyond the odd gasping sounds ceased and all was silent.

When at last he did go in there—poor Sydney, can't you see him with his shoulders raised and his face one terrible inquiry?—he found Cobb with his head almost touching the floor, his tongue protruding from between his lips, and his eyes leering at his faithful nurse. If ever a dead man cursed, that one did.

In his angry floundering he had slid half off the bed and died of asphyxia.

A creature with a nature less simple, less frank, would have kept his own counsel. Not so, Sydney; though he did manage to hold his tongue for a time. At first, I am persuaded, it did not seem to him that he had done anything greatly amiss. Cobb must have died before long, in any case, and his going just then meant nothing less than the saving of John's precious life.

The funeral came on and Nan helped robe the body. She even patted its necktie and its whiskers, she was so grateful to it for having capitulated to death just when it did. She lined the casket and arranged the flowers. I seem to remember Syd's telling me that, as they were unable to get real English violets, Nan made the door wreath of artificial blossoms, shaking toilet water over it that the curious, sniffing old women might be deceived. Then, having done everything she could do for Cobb, she gathered her baby in her arms and went South, a superlatively grateful and happy woman. It was not until she came back that Sydney divulged his secret. Why he did it at all, I can't say. I suppose it was the working of the curse.

On the evening of her return Nan said happily: "Lucky old Cobb died when he did, wasn't it, Sydney? Just look at John, the darling, ain't he the picture of health?" And that was Sydney's chance.

He confessed to his wife as he would have confessed to his God, in childish hope of absolution, forgiveness.

Just how Nan took the grim disclosure, Sydney didn't tell me. All I know is that, obeying her order, he crept away to bed some time near dawn; and Nan was left to battle with the problem. In the morning the sublime creature had their course mapped out.

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After she had given Sydney breakfast, she announced her plan. On the day of Cobb's funeral, it seemed the wife, a poor forlorn, down-trodden creature, had wept bitterly, not at the death of her husband, no one could weep Cobb, but at the lifting of that yoke of service to which she had become accustomed. Without that burden she felt she could not go on. She was years younger than her husband and she lamented that Heaven had denied her a child. All the bitter disappointment of twenty years sounded in her wail.

Now Nan proposed giving John to Mrs. Cobb. "A life for a life," says Nan, eyeing Sydney. And the poor fellow for the first time realized the enormity of his crime. I imagine he demurred feebly. But the knowledge cowed him, for he consented.

As Abraham offered Isaac a sacrifice unto the Lord, so this pair offered their son to Mrs. Cobb. It was Nan's conception of justice, and, as usual, the measure was full and running over. For an antique powerless wreck she gave her fine prancing boy of three.

Of course, both she and Sydney prayed fervently that the unsuspecting Mrs. Cobb would refuse their offer of expiation. But to Nan's statement, that they felt it would be for the child's good if Mrs. Cobb chose to take him and educate him as they could not, the latter listened with unfeigned delight. She even clutched Nan's knees, lifting a face of joy; and Nan went the whole length. She insisted that Mrs. Cobb legally adopt John and take him away from North Truro. "For me and his father," she explained, "we mightn't be able to stand seeing him round." It was her one allusion to her grief.

As I said, the change I found in the Holdens' home staggered me. Geraniums no longer showed their bright faces on Nan's side of the house. In fact, an almost ghostly desolation pervaded the entire dwelling. In Sydney the general blight was less apparent. Mere animal life was so strong in him that he would still occasionally break into a smile of momentary naïve forgetfulness. But let him catch Nan's uncondemning eyes fixed on him and he would steal off and weep like a baby. To Nan

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I no longer meant anything. And after a wretched day and night I went away.

I did not see the Holdens again for twelve years. During most of this time I was abroad with my employer. I was now his private secretary. Finally a business matter called me home. I had hardly set foot in New York when I received a letter from Sydney Holden. He told me that old Michael Flaherty was dead. Pleurisy, I think he said. Anyway, they were alone, and if I could run up there he thought the sight of me might do Nan good. I was sure he was mistaken, but I went all the same. Thus it chanced that I witnessed the closing scene of the little drama.

I found Sydney in a state of extreme excitement. There was a vague rumor afloat in the town that Mrs. Cobb was fatally ill. Some one, Sydney didn't rightly know who, had received a postal card from a young girl Mrs. Cobb had taken with her to act as nurse for John. Syd could talk of nothing else. And when the next day's mail brought a letter addressed to Nan in a wavering hand, I thought he was going to have a seizure of some kind.

The letter was from Mrs. Cobb.

The poor woman wrote that, feeling the hand of death on her, she had told John that she was not his real mother. To her surprise she found that the boy remembered Nan; could even describe her. Think of that! Now, having left him all that she possessed (but a few thousands, for she had met with reverses), she was sending the boy back to his parents.

Nan read the letter through; then laid it down softly. She did not touch it again, and a hideous fear clutched Sydney and me. Poor Sydney dared not put the question that trembled on his lips. I tell you it was awful—that joy that was afraid to acknowledge itself—afraid to express itself in laughter or tears. Why, even the shrieks of hysteria would have been preferable to that unfathomable stillness.

One day, about a week after the receipt of the momentous letter, Nan was sitting on the back porch in the glow of the sunset, and Sydney was standing in the doorway with a pipe between his lips. He wasn't smoking. Sydney didn't do things those

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days. He merely pretended to do them. Restless, and for some reason keenly alert, I was in the swing with a newspaper. Suddenly, over the top of it, I caught sight of a young figure, striding across the ploughed field that lay between the tiny railroad station and the Holden house. It came on with an impetuous rush, all swinging arms and legs and youthful lifted face.

Sydney put down his pipe and peered distractedly. "That's *him!*" he announced after a moment, in a queer, tense voice.

Nan said nothing. Mechanically she rose. Then a great trembling seized her; she shook all over. In its dumbness, its fixity, her expression was appalling.

Sydney was smitten with fear.

"Are you going to send him away?" he cried. And he stood there vibrating, afraid to go and meet his son, unable to remain where he was. "Are you going to, Mother?" And his voice rose.

Nan strode forward, her garments swirling back from great limbs and breast, her hair sweeping back from her face. Never have I seen a human creature move and look as she did then.

They met by the fence, where the sun turned to a glory a row of milk cans.

Sydney missed a step. He fell down and remained down. He prayed aloud, "O Lord!"

The pair by the fence did not notice him. Nan had wrapped her arms completely around her son. She enfolded, she enveloped that slender form. In a powerful embrace the two bent and swayed as one body. Sydney stumbled to his feet. Then I lost sight of him in a mist. When I saw clearly he was tottering toward the pair with shaking hands outstretched.

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WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

HORACE TRAUBEL

JANUARY 22, 1889

W. talked about Garland. "He's greatly interested in the George movement: is strongly impulsive: is maybe a little one-idea'd—though as to that I don't feel quite sure: is wonderfully human: gets at the simple truths—the everyday truths: it is not professional." I said: "You speak of one-idea'd men as though you rather discredited them." "Do I? I don't mean to: they certainly have a place—a vast big vital place: they can't be skipped—escaped." I said again: "You may think you're not, but you're a little one-idea'd yourself—and every man is." He nodded. "No doubt: I never heard it put quite in that way: Jesus was one-idea'd, I admit, for instance." I asked him: "Well—have you some objections to Jesus?" "Yes: why not? Emerson had, too: the dear Emerson: he felt that Jesus lacked humor, for one thing: a man who lacks humor is likely to concentrate on one idea." I parried him again. "Why, that's a familiar charge against you, Walt: didn't even Ruskin say that? and I hear it every now and then from somebody or other." He retorted a little hotly: "Well—you've rather got me: I'm not much good in argument. But on that Jesus matter: take that: I've heard it discussed often: some of the bright fellows have been saying it for a long time: not Emerson alone: others: radical fellows—the strong men: thinkers. Yet I confess I'm not altogether clear in the matter." He used the phrase at one point: "Whether genius needs to be funny"—but caught himself short over it: "I should not say that: that is unjust to Emerson: to all of them: when they say humor they don't mean fun in the narrow sense of that word—they don't mean what we call joking, badinage—anything like that." Spoke of Emerson himself as "not what you would call a funny man: he was something better than that: he would not cut up—make a great noise: but for cheer, quiet sweet cheer—good humor, a habit of pouring oil on waters—I have never known his equal. Emerson was in no sense priggified—solemnified: he was not even stately, if that

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means to be stiff." The word "humor," he said, always "mystified" him. "I think Shakespeare had it—had it to the full: but there have been others—great men, too—who had little or none of it. The question is, was Shakespeare's humor good-natured? Good-nature is the important equation in humor. Look at Heine, for example: I'm not sure of his place: but look at him—consider him: ask yourself whether he was not a mocker as well as a humorist. They do charge me, as you say, with lacking humor: it never seemed to me it could be true: but I don't dispute it: I only see myself from the inside—with the ordinary prejudice a fellow has in favor of himself: but O'Connor—oh! how he used to boil when he heard me accused of that defect: he'd boil, he'd boil—he'd boil over! The idea that anybody imagines I can't appreciate a joke or even make jokes seems preposterous. Do you find me as infernally impossible as that, Horace? Bryant said to me in one of our chats: 'The most humorous men I have met have been the lightest laughers.' You can't always tell by a man's guffaws whether he is a real humorist or not."

JANUARY 23, 1889

WE talked of Bradley's conviction in the Philadelphia courts yesterday. "Yes, I have read the story: Bradley was monstrous—monstrous; but would you not think him abnormal? I see no other way to account for it: certainly he can't be explained by the ordinary process of reasoning. In the present condition of our criminal laws—of crime—as in affairs like this—these extra sex developments—abnormality is the only word that will cover the case. Then we must remember that such individual abnormality comes from the abnormality of society at large. I think any judge would admit that—perhaps express it almost in my words: it seems to me to arise—so much of it, who knows but all of it?—in an absence of simplicity—in a lack of what I may call natural morality. Perhaps that's not the exact word for it, but as I said, any judge would correctly diagnose the case, I have no doubt." It had appeared to him "rare among rare decisions." "I know that in regard to these Anarchists there are contending impulses drawing us two ways: but for liberty, abstract, concrete—the broad question of liberty—there

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is no doubt at all. I look ahead, seeing for America a bad day—a dark if not stormy day—in which this policy, this restriction, this attempt to draw a line against free speech, free printing, free assembly, will become a weapon of menace to our future."

JANUARY 25, 1889

AFTER continual general talk of Poe, W. said: "I have seen Poe—met him: he impressed me very favorably: was dark, quiet, handsome—Southern from top to toe: languid, tired out, it is true, but altogether ingratiating." Was that in New York? "Oh, yes: there: we had only a brief visit: he was frankly conciliatory: I left him with no doubts left, if I ever had any." Poe was "curiously a victim of history—like Paine." "The disposition to parade, to magnify, his defects has grown into a habit: every literary, every moralistic, jackanapes who comes along has to give him an additional kick. His weaknesses were obvious enough to anybody: but what do they amount to after all? Paine is defamed in the same way: poor Paine: rich Paine: they spare him nothing." I said: "You should write about Paine." He nodded, "So I should, I don't think there's anybody living—anybody at all—(I don't think there ever was anybody, living or dead)—more able than I am to depict, to picture, Paine, in the right way. I have told you of my old friend Colonel Fellows: he was an uncommon man both in what he looked like and in what he was: nobly formed, with thick white hair—white as milk: beard: striking characteristics everyhow." He proceeded: "We had many talks together in the back room of the City Hall. The instant he saw I was interested in Paine he became communicative—frankly unbosomed himself. His Paine story amounted to a resurrection of Paine out of the horrible calumnies, infamies, under which orthodox hatred had buried him. Paine was old, alone, poor: it's that, it's what accrues from that, that his slanderers have made the most of: anything lower, meaner, more contemptible, I cannot imagine: to take an aged man—a man tired to death after a complicated life of toil, struggle, anxiety—weak, dragged down, at death's door: poor: with perhaps habits that may come with such distress: then to pull him into the mud, distort everything he does and says: oh, it's in-

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famous! There seems to be this hyena disposition, some exceptional (thank God rare!) venom, in some men which is never satisfied except it is engaged in some work of vandalism. I can forgive anything but that."

JANUARY 26, 1889

"IT'S a nasty word: I do not like it: I don't think I ever thought expurgation in my life: Rossetti wished to cut out or change a few words: only a few words: I said yes, do it: that was long ago: if the question came up to-day I would say, no, do not do it: I think as time has passed I have got an increased horror of expurgation: would not think of such a thing as the exclusion or the alteration of a single word now: it seems so false: to do it at all seems like beginning to do it altogether. Horace, take my advice—though I have always advised you not to take advice: if such a problem should in any way at any time in your own career present itself to you, be obdurate, yield nothing, insist upon your unmitigated self." I said: "Walt, I never heard you talk so vehemently before on expurgation." He said: "Maybe I never felt so vehemently: maybe I never before so realized its dangers: censorship: I don't like it: even the censorship of a man who is his own victim: it's all bad, all wrong, all corrupt: it reduces a fellow to a cipher: seems just like an apology, a confession: it's a sort of suicide. Much as I love Rossetti I would not to-day if the affair was opened up ever again consent to have anything whatever done with the text of the poems: I'd say even to dear Rossetti, all or nothing; not wishing to be ugly: only determined to be firm. Even the gentle Emerson so far forgot who I was and who he was as to suggest that I should expurgate, cut out, eliminate: which is as if I was to hide some of myself away: was to win a success by false pretences: which God forbid: I'd rather go to eternal ruin than climb to glory by such humbug." I asked: "Emerson didn't call it humbug when he gave you that counsel, did he?" "Oh no: it wasn't humbug to him: he was anxious to have people read me: he thought it was better to have the people read some of me, even the worst of me, than not to read me at all: that's the way he put it himself."

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JANUARY 28, 1889

W. said: "The great function of the critic is to say bright things—sparkle, effervesce: probably three-quarters, perhaps even more, of them do not take the trouble to examine what they start out to criticise—to judge a man from his own standpoint, to even find out what that standpoint is. I sometimes ask myself: 'Am I not too one of the worst of these offenders? have not I too said this, that, where silence would have been better, honester?' I have asked myself in the face of criticism of my own work: 'Should I reply—should I expose, denounce, explain?' But my final conviction has always been that there is no better reply than silence. Besides, I am conscious that I have peculiarly laid myself open to ridicule—to the shafts of critics, readers, glittering paragraphers: yet I am profoundly sure of one thing: that never, never, has even calumny deflected me from the course I had determined to pursue." He stopped here a bit. Then: "Perhaps it is the function of critics, even the dull critics, to bring the gods, the high ones, down from their great conceit: drag them down, down into the mud, into the gutter: the difficulty is, the whole world seems now bitten with the idea that to criticise, to pick to pieces, to expose, is the all in all of life—the whole story: but is it?"

JANUARY 30, 1889

I picked up his yellowed copy of Richard II from under my feet. Handed it to him. He looked at it. "That's the copy I used to take to the play with me—in my pocket: carried it along in my walks: kept with me down on the Jersey shore: such pieces of books made up in that way by me out of whole books for my own convenience." He spoke of the Richard as "a favorite play" of his. "It is typical: the most likely, conclusive of the Shakespeare plays." Harned referred to his facsimile copy of the First Folio. Who wrote the Plays? W. very vehement. Harned said this book kept him a Shakespearian. W. dissented. "That by no means closes the case, Tom: contemporary evidence is not necessarily the best evidence: look at Mirabeau, in France: undoubtedly in many ways a noble man: always esteemed as a friend of the people: in fact, one of the people: yet undoubtedly,

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as it is now conclusively proven, the paid stipendiary of the Court. To have said this at the time or even fifty years ago—even twenty or thirty years ago—would have been taken as the rankest blasphemy: yet there is now no more doubt of it than of the fact that you are this moment spread out there on the lounge listening to me talk." Then was Mirabeau wholly false? Was history altogether mistaken in him? "I should not like to say that: do not say it: only that he was paid by the Court: got pockets of money in that way. He was a wonderful man: in many respects was the most wonderful man of his time: a democrat, probably"—here W. paused: "Perhaps not that, not a democrat in any sense that would be acceptable to us; but still inclined to hear, even argue, the cause of the people." He specified one of the Greek "masters" similarly reputed in his time, "yet now acknowledged to have been corrupt." "We talk of the necessary accuracy of contemporary evidence: that's poppy-cock: I do believe, for instance, that for truth, for what is positive concerning the great masters, this book here, this book written by Addington Symonds, written in our own day, is better, more to be relied upon, than any record kept at the time, than anything written since, in all the ages between." He "would not be at all surprised" if "some day there should appear absolute authentic data establishing the origin of the Shakespeare plays"; and in that time "I am confident that it will be shown that many men, not one man merely, had a hand in the work." In that age "it was not considered becoming for noble lads to have anything to do with writing plays: with playhouses: with receiving twenty-five or fifty or a hundred dollars, as we moderns do, taking it as a matter of course." "But the group of bright fellows there in London—Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Southampton, Lord Bacon—are known to have accepted Shakespeare—to have been cheek by jowl with him, in fact." Out of this the authorship must have grown. "Shakespeare was under contract with one of the London theatres to produce two new plays a year: a contract much like mine with *The Herald:* so many pieces, large or small, a month: if less than the full sum, to be made up the next month, beyond default." Then Shakespeare was to palm the plays off as his own? Was

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that the idea? "In the rough—yes: and I know how that would be described by the orthodox: how it was that Shakespeare was a plagiarist, a thief—all that: but I should hesitate to pronounce judgment so cavalierly. Shakespeare took it all as grist to his mill: accepted all: kept his counsel—and his contract." Then Shakespeare was not the chucklehead O'Connor had called him? "Oh no, no: I never believed that: besides, that's not O'Connor's to start with: he repeated it jocularly: it didn't originate with him. It was Delia Bacon who was most severe on that point: handed out the most contemptuous terms: rarely referred to Shakespeare except lightly: called him 'the butcher of Stratford': always applied phrases of that character to him." "But I should say he was one of the sweetest, wisest men who ever lived. Hume says of Queen Elizabeth that she is charged with being a trivial creature, though surrounded with wisest counsellors, but he insists that it must have been greatness of a sort which summoned such counsellors—which recognized, made use of, accepted such personalities as the aids and abettors of her policies." So with Shakespeare. "He was no fool, no butcher: his, too, was no contemptible greatness: he chose well: he was circumspect: he knew what he was about." W. said he had no idea that the Plays all came from the same source: "There are evidences that various influences were at work there: a group, a cluster of the Plays seem to show signs of the same craftsmanship." But "it's not necessary to infer that all the Plays came from the same hand." He thought the Plays indicated "a great taste for glitter: a desire to surpass, overawe: a resolve to overdo: to create the fiercest emphases: to succeed by the very force of the flood—a literal inundation of power." Harned said: "The Plays are so great, won't they stand alone for all time?" W. objected: "I know that is the orthodox view, but I don't accept it. Wilson Barrett here—here in this house—has said the same thing: has said an actor dares not question it: but I question it: question it fundamentally. It has come to be with Shakespeare as with the Bible: we are born to it: we have sucked it in with our mother's milk: the schools, colleges, writers, drive it at you: one can't get away from it: the man who denies the claim is queered." W. threw himself forward in his chair, pointed upward as if to the heavens,

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and said with intense earnestness: "It is wrong! wrong! wrong! It is as if we should fix our eyes on one of the stars there: should say: Let that be the only star: let that stand alone in glory, purpose, sacredness: let all the rest be wiped out: let that alone be declared legitimate: let that alone be our guide. Yet there are millions of other stars in the heavens: millions: some as great, some greater: perhaps some we do not see surpassing the best we see: so there are writers—countless writers: some swept away, lost forever, some neglected: some yet to be recognized for what they are."

Harned said: "Walt, you're hitting a lot of nails on the head to-day: you almost weaken my faith in Shakespeare." W. said: "Shakespeare stood for the glory of feudalism: Shakespeare, whoever he was, whoever they were: he had his place: I have never doubted his vastness, space: in fact, Homer and Shakespeare are good enough for me—if I can by saying that be understood as not closing out any others. Look at Emerson: he was not only possibly the greatest of our land, our time, but great with the greatness of any land, any time, all worlds: so I could name galaxy after galaxy." Harned asked: "You have decided feelings about the defects of Shakespeare?" "Yes: it is not well for us to forget what Shakespeare stands for: we are overawed, overfed: it may seem extreme, ungracious, to say so, but Shakespeare appears to me to do much toward effeminacy: toward taking the fibre, the blood, out of civilization; his gospel was of the mediæval—the gospel of the grand, the luxurious: great lords, ladies: plate, hangings, glitter, ostentation, hypocritical chivalry, dress, trimmings"—going on with the strange long catalogue "of social and caste humbuggery," pronounced with the highest contempt. "I can say I am one of the few—unfortunately, of the few—who care nothing for all that, who spit all that out, who reject all that miserable paraphernalia of arrogance, unrighteousness, oppression: who care nothing for your carpets, curtains, uniformed lackeys. I am an animal: I require to eat, to drink, to live: but to put any emphasis whatever on the trapperies, luxuries, that were the stock in trade of the thought of our great-grandfathers—oh! that I could never, never, never do!" Then suddenly he fired out with more heat than ever:

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"And now that I think of it I can say this fact more than any other fact lends weight to the Baconian authorship: I have never written, never said, indeed I have never thought of it as forcibly as at just this moment sitting here with you two fellows: but the emphasis that the author of the Plays places upon these fripperies points an unmistakable finger toward Bacon. Bacon himself loved all this show, this fustian: dressed handsomely: tunic: fine high boots: brooches: liked a purse well filled with gold money: the feel of it in his pocket: would tinsel his clothes: oh! was fond of rich, gay apparel: affected the company of ladies, gents, lords, Courts: favored noble hallways, laces, cuffs, gorgeous service—even the hauteur of feudalism." W. then added: "Feudalism has had its day: it has no message for us: it's an empty vessel: all its contents have been spilled: it's foolish for us to look back to some anterior period for leadership: feudalism is gone—well gone. One musn't forget that thankful as we have a right to be and should be to the past, our business is ahead with what is to come: the dead must be left in their graves."

Were the Shakespeare plays the best acting plays? W. said: "That's a superstition,—oh, exaggeration." As to Shakespeare as actor W. said: "Even if he never got beyond the ghost, as has been said, we must acknowledge that to do the ghost right is a man's, not a ghost's, job: few actors ever realized the possibilities of the ghost." W. said: "William speaks of Winter as Littlebillwinter—all one word: I often think of Ben Jonson as Littlebenjonson—all one word: I remember what Emerson said of Jonson: 'He thought himself a good deal greater man than Shakespeare.'" The "Shakespeare personality" was "very mystifying, baffling." "Yet there are some things we can say of it. Whoever Shakespeare was not, he was equal in refinement to the wits of the age: he was a gentleman: he was not a man of the streets—rather of the Courts, of the study: he was not vulgar. As for the Plays, they do not seem to me spontaneous: they seem laboredly built up: I have always felt their feudal bias: they are rich to satiety: overdone with words." I never saw W. more vigorous. He finally said: "I am so sure the orthodox notion of Shakespeare is not correct that I enter fully into the discussion of those who are trying to get at the truth."

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A TALE FROM FAERIELAND

SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

WHAT time I lay in bed, loth to arise,
A vision came to me, dazzling mine eyes.

I could not choose but lie abed all day,
Threading sweet words to weave it in a lay.

(So I forgot my hunger, and the deep
Sadness that made me long for endless sleep.)

Not any of the ancient tapestries
Could tell a tale more wonderful than this.

For here, in words of purple and of gold,
And words of silk and silver, Love was told.

And here were figures, marvellously drawn,
Of gods and men, of sunset and of dawn.

And here were symbols, such as Merlin loves,
A Cross, a Herd of Lambs, a Flock of Doves.

And a deep labyrinth, most intricate,
Through whose black vaults unwound the thread of Fate.

And here were words, like roses; and loud words,
Like to the sudden flight of many birds.

And woodland words, like leaves, that, tremulous
Forever, made the verses murmurous.

And one word was a moon: a syllable
Argent and chaste and fraught with many a spell.

And one word was a sun, and it was round,
And it was warm, and had a golden sound.

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And one soft word was maiden-fleshed, rose-white,
Delicate-veined: it held the day and night.

And all these words I wove into a lay,
A cloth of words, that made my sad heart gay.

When it was finished, folding it, I said,
" The King will buy it! "—and got up from bed.

" The King will buy my lyric tapestry,
And hang it on his wall for all to see,

" So that the fame of it shall travel far,
Even to where the holy hermits are,

" Who, pausing at their matin prayers, will say:
' It must be fairer than the birth of day!

" ' God bless the hands that wove it, and God bless
The soul of Man that dreamed such loveliness!' "

And I repeated, " He will buy it for
A treasure of his golden corridor.

" And he will wear it for a robe, when some
Beautiful Queen to visit him is come.

" It shall befit him as its petals do
A lily blossom that is wet with dew.

" It shall befit him as the veil of night
Befits a day that was too gay with light.

" It shall befit him as its carven sheath
Befits a mighty sword whose touch is death.

" It shall befit him so, that, seeing him,
The Queen will feel her very soul to swim.

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" And on that holiday when they shall wed,
'Twill serve to canopy the nuptial bed."—

So with my lyric cloth I made my way
Unto the Palace, and my heart was gay.

A critic met me at the guarded door.
—" 'Twill do," said he, " to clean the kitchen floor;

" Or else, perhaps, to garb the lowlihead
Of kitchen wenches, for you see," he said,

" The colors are too gaudy and the style
Is obsolete."—His lips were black with bile.

" The subject is antique; you should have fraught
Your pretty dreams with valiant, modern thought.

" Your tale is vague; it should be definite!
I hardly can make head or tail of it."—

And so he punned and jeered for a long while,
But crueller than all was his wise smile.

" Do not despair, for you are young," he said,
" And yet can learn."—The heart within me bled.

But I was hungry, so for copper sold
My cloth of words of silver and of gold.

And went my way; the way that outcasts go,
To where the kind, black-vestured waters flow.

And some nights later Cinderella wore
The woof that I had woven. Faerie lore

Says that it hung within the King's great hall
A wondrous marvel and a joy to all.

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And pilgrims came from all the lands that be
Beyond the desert and beyond the sea

To glad their souls, for it was said it had
The power to make Love-loving people glad.

And one bold Jason, loving it too well,
Wrought many deeds, the which Greek legends tell.

And so it passed from hand to hand, nor e'er
Lost its delight, but always seemed more fair.

For all the loveliness for which men long,
The charm of childhood and the charm of song;

The innocence of things that live and die
Rooted on earth, yet pining for the sky;

The courage and the faith that women bear
Who conquer pain and trample on despair;

All this that I had felt, that I had known,
Was threaded in that cloth that all can own

Who by the grace of loving much are given
Hands that can plant on earth the flowers of heaven.

So when the Christ was dead, Who died for Love,
Magdalen brought the cloth that I had wove,

And Joseph of Arimathæa dressed
The Sad Man with it, and laid Him to rest.

Thus for three days God wore it, and the third,
When at the piping of the first song bird

Sweet Jesus rose, a glorious sight to see,
Lo! round His shoulders hung my tapestry.

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And it befit Him as its petals do
A lily blossom that is wet with dew.

And it befit Him as the starry night
Befits a day that has been gay with light.

And it befit Him as its carven sheath
Befits a mighty sword whose touch is death.

And He will wear it on the Judgment Day,
And of it all the holy Saints will say:

" God bless the hands that wove it, and God bless
The soul of Man that dreamed such loveliness!"

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LUCK

WILBUR LARREMORE

THERE is no better illustration of happy chance than Goethe's dying words. One of his earliest, and in some respects still his best biographer, George Henry Lewes, sentimentalizes the falling of the curtain: "His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were 'More Light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death." Goethe's semi-conscious "cry" was as purely the voice of the failing body as Benjamin Franklin's fully conscious "A dying man can do nothing easily." Greater good luck no man ever had than, without realizing that his lips moved, to utter what as metaphorically summarizing his own great career has become one of the world's famous apothegms.

It may be suggested that Goethe's last utterance was not a sporadic but a culminating piece of good luck. Certainly no one more than he warmed both hands before the fire of life. Those who believe in luck, either as a personal attribute or an independent force—and there are many of them—may contend that this supreme darling of fortune enjoyed the favor of the jade—who is not a *fickle* jade after all—to the very end.

Recalling the large number of important achievements occurring in the teeth of demonstration by faultless logic that they were impossible, it is no longer safe to hiss out of the scientific forum any theory that has some plausible considerations in its favor. Quite recently the Horatios of the medical profession have been compelled to recognize a very homely phenomenon, undreamed of in their philosophy, in the person of the "typhoid-carrier." He or she has the malignant potency of a swarm of tsetse flies. She may or may not have had typhoid fever herself, but she has the occult capacity of absorbing its germs and spreading them broadcast. Similarly, certain exceptional persons have the repute of being luck-carriers. If the "lucky" man play cards he uniformly holds good hands. His "crazy" finan-

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cial speculations in the end refute the wisdom of experts and rivals, and often when he attempts explanation one is reminded of the recipe of a Virginia Mammy for a delectable dish—"You put in flour till you have enough, a little milk and not too much butter." One need not be more intolerant of faith in Luck than was Lord Bacon of the belief of some persons in the potency of the Evil Eye as the malignant dart of Envy, which he naïvely passes by for the present, "though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place."

In all humility, then, conceding that as the secret of the typhoid-carrier probably will be discovered, that of the luck-carrier possibly also may be, we may offer suggestions appropriate to the present state of our ignorance. He who succeeds in action, but talks like "poor Noll," is a man of boldness and initiative, whether in declaring a trump or hazarding a fortune. Unrealized by himself, he was born with his mental processes adjusted in happy resultant. He has that combined gift of acute perception and rapid reasoning which passes under the name of woman's intuition, as if it were found only on one side of a Quaker meeting.

The difference between Alfred Tennyson and Charles Tennyson Turner was one of brain and nerve cells and the mentality of the average man of efficiency, or the humblest luck-carrier, is as inscrutable as that of Goethe. Chance is a factor in all careers and especially in those of men who know themselves and recognize opportunity when it comes their way. The phenomena of "luck," that is, the successes of men who habitually embrace opportunity, are ascribable to personality that has a distinctive physical basis, recondite as it may be. The "lucky" man is taken to be one to whom only happy chance systematically occurs; but intimate acquaintance often gives a clue to his potentiality. And even with those who never disclose anything further than the apparent ability to guess right, it may safely be assumed that "luck" is occult personality.

Nevertheless, the persuasion that some individuals are especial favorites of fortune is held by a large proportion of average Caucasians and it even obsesses many persons of superior gifts and education. Luck is unconsciously or semi-con-

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sciously conceived as a force not ourselves that makes for our good or our discomfiture. It is akin to the fatalism of Greek tragedy and of Calvinism. Superstitions with materialistic paraphernalia have melted away as the masses of the people acquired the general truths of physical science. Belief in witchcraft, for example, which is very ancient and for a long period was practically universal, was rendered vulnerable by such stage properties as its broom-stick aeroplanes. Faith in luck has encountered less destructive criticism because intangibility of method leaves more for the imagination. It has even served as an outlet for the vast inheritance of superstitious sentiment which has been dislodged from one cherished stronghold after another. The disposition that formerly created humanistic gods and angels, accepts in their place a vague, mystical dæmon of foreordination.

A recent re-reading of Huxley's controversial essays aroused feelings equally divided between marvel and amusement. It was hard to realize that within the period of little more than a generation that had elapsed since they were written such a transformation of the average mental attitude has occurred as to make the learned professor's arguments seem like tilting with windmills. But while many of the narratives at which the logic of demolition was aimed are now regarded as myths, the myth-making faculty and tendency—the inheritance of thousands of generations—still survives. The educated man of to-day looks upon the theological beliefs of his grandfather very much as the latter did upon the fetichism of the "benighted heathen." None of us, however, ever grows to real intimacy with a fellow-mortal without recognizing his anthropomorphic heredity as well as his particular credulities. Yet perhaps the only universal superstition is that of each man that he is not superstitious.

If a man go to Monte Carlo with all his money in one pocket and a loaded revolver in the other, resolved that he will not continue to live unless his fortunes are bettered and realizing that he is merely taking a chance, his conduct, though unethical, is perfectly rational. Such cases, however, are not very common and not very significant.

The gaming table is more frequently sought from love of

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excitement or danger. But the zest of risk and adventure dies out with advancing years, while the passion of gambling—as inveterate as any bodily propensity—fastens its tentacles on youths and retains them on grey-beards. The gamester persists over the green cloth or at the "ticker" because he expects to gain money. The motive is a combination of hope and superstition, the strength of the former element being in direct proportion to that of the latter. Habitual gamblers do *not* trust to the hazard of a die. They are an abjectly superstitious class of persons, constantly resorting to auguries and charms to foretell the fluctuations of luck or to propitiate what they conceive as an actual, if not indeed a sentient, entity. Whether Charles James Fox himself shared in the obsession is not specifically recorded, but certainly his fellow-players for high stakes at Almack's turned their coats inside outwards for luck. Many persons who never play cards for anything more valuable than a "prize," offer talismanic appeals for good luck essentially the same as those of a naked Hottentot. Stories have appeared in the newspapers from time to time, without contradiction, of the custom of eminent financiers to consult clairvoyants, astrologers, or palmists before betting on the tape.

There is no intrinsically ethical quality in gambling. If persons who can afford it wish to add to the zest of a game of chance by a substantial stake, it is their affair only, and not society's. The practical effects of gambling, however, attach to it a grave immorality. It is one of the most fixed and universal passions because it is backed by the immemorial belief in a destiny that shapes our ends. As far down as the middle of the nineteenth century, devout doctors of divinity organized lotteries in order to endow religious and educational institutions. According to the more sophisticated standards of to-day, the conductor of a lottery, or a bucket-shop, is a criminal. Public sentiment is so convinced and firm that it influenced the Supreme Court of the United States to strain the law by holding the transportation of lottery tickets by regular commercial agencies to be *commerce*. It thus becomes competent for Congress, as the regulator of inter-State commerce, to enact laws prohibiting the handling of gambling paraphernalia by express companies. The

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authority to exclude such matter from the mails was never disputed. Because human nature is the heir of ages of superstition, and on utilitarian grounds, the elaborate legal system for suppression of public facilities for gambling is an important feature of government.

Superstitious heredity has ingrained a tendency making for survival of faith in luck in those who are superior to the vice of gambling as well as to the grosser forms of credulity. In earlier days every event of importance was attributed to some dweller on Olympus or in Valhalla, or to the intervention of Providence. The propensity evolved during countless generations renders it difficult for those most emancipated from superstition to suspend judgment and wait for more light. Inadequate theories that are frankly tentative may prove serviceable in abstract investigation, but unfortunately thorough-going Agnostics are incapable of the agnostic attitude toward practical affairs. We are prone to form hypotheses which from the slender basis of known facts ought never for a moment to be taken as anything but provisional, and then gradually, in default of any better explanation, to cleave in all seriousness and the full strength of pride to our fools' certainty. An illustration is furnished by the sentiment of all communities towards mysterious crimes. The adage that murder will out is not even a half truth; the number of unfathomed murders everywhere exceeds those that are solved. But because human nature abhors a doubt, much as physical nature abhors a vacuum, popular opinion charges the crime to the person of greatest opportunity and most plausible motive and goads the District Attorney, even though not sharing the prevalent belief, into prosecuting him.

If some persons succeed and continue to succeed, if others fail and go from bad to worse, without adequate cause for either phenomenon being perceptible, the inveteracy of fools' certainty disposes persons even of a high degree of intelligence to say that the former are lucky and the latter unlucky. And this language is not used entirely in jest or figuratively. It is rather an utterance of that twilight zone of superstition to which a ghost story that is not too insistent on realistic detail but leaves much to the imagination, appeals with eerie charm. The idea that the lucky man has super-personal resources is not explicitly ac-

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cepted, but it is dallied with and, vague as it is, influences opinion and action.

If no intelligent man really did feel more *comfortable* for having seen the new moon over his right shoulder, if everybody knocked on wood merely as a mock ceremony, if all our superstitions, including faith in luck, had no other effect than to add romantic zest to life, it would be ungracious and fanatical to protest. But superstitions are moral forces, often more potent than, for example, patriotism. Railroad men believe that bad luck strikes thrice, that after one accident has occurred the other two must promptly follow, after which last happening one may breathe easily until the first of the next series occurs. This is an article of guild faith having a practical bearing on discipline and morale and it must be reckoned with in somewhat the same spirit as the prevailing religion of a conquered province.

Machiavelli has said that "Fortune is the mistress of one-half our actions, and yet leaves the control of the other half, *or a little less,* to ourselves." While "Fortune" was not used purely in the sense of a good or evil genius, but was intended to comprise the tyranny of circumstances, the context shows that the mystical element of destiny was also in mind. Machiavelli's words testify to the touch of fatalism in the most worldly-wise of us and it is everyone's serious concern how far his superstitions, sentimentally or æsthetically cherished, have become motives of conduct.

Faith in luck is especially insidious as an ally of egoism. There is scarcely any more pathetic, withal more contemptible, figure than that of the middle-aged duffer, who indicts the intelligence of his whole generation for his failure to arrive, with incidental ascription to the shrewd malice of rivals, furtively backbiting those whose work has carried conviction to their age and ever log-rolling and wire-pulling for crumbs of notoriety. Outside the fields of creative thought, indeed, in every sphere of activity, may be found misfits, "inefficients," victims of self-love, or, as they phrase it, of bad luck. Many of them would have gained self-knowledge if their forbears for a hundred generations had not believed that the gods are jealous of the success of mortals.

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MADDENING THE MEREDITHIANS

WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

MISS FRAZER'S *The Maddening Mr. Meredith* * has a tendency to madden Meredithians. I met one the other day who spoke with heat of Miss Frazer's endeavor to "focus" Meredith. I had had time to cool, myself, having read the essay earlier and clarified my notions later in lectures on my hero before a college class. I tried to show my friend, with academic judiciousness, as of one "lying on a cloud, rapt in sunshine," that Miss Frazer was more than half in the right.

What Miss Frazer has not done, of course, is to see Meredith through his own eyes. Meredith is a tease, so she puts him down in a pet; with full acknowledgment, however, of his genius. He is brilliant, but horrid.

Miss Frazer thinks Meredith's chief defect is his "sheer inability to tell a story." Oscar Wilde said that years ago in his *Decay of Lying.* Meredith as publisher's reader rejected Thomas Hardy's *The Poor Man and the Lady* for Chapman and Hall and gave the great novelist-to-be much good advice, but advice, according to Mr. Hardy, "that he did not follow himself." When Meredith wrote *One of Our Conquerors,* he showed his critics what he thought of them by making the book more exasperatingly difficult than its predecessors. Meantime he read others' novels, in his professional capacity, and continued to preach what he did not always practise—well-constructed plots and clear style.

Meredith was aware of his own genius, and gave it its peculiar expression. He read too many mere novels to write more mere novels. Lack of appreciation, again, added to an innate tendency to artistic capriciousness, made him more and more "original at all costs." "As a writer he has mastered everything except language," said Wilde: "as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story: as an artist he is everything ex-

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cept articulate: . . . he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and red with wonderful roses."

True Meredithians believe that Meredith's message of optimism, courage and personal responsibility is so far superior to much of the pessimism, melancholy and sentimentalism of the day that they try to help others over the thorn hedge, to meet and know "that sculptor of strange figures; he who labored and strove for sixty years!"

One way to know him is to meet him in the rare beauty of his old age at Box Hill. Another is to winnow his own creed out of his poems, novels, letters and miscellanies. His theory of the novel, for instance, is found in Chapter 23 of *Diana of the Crossways* in connection with Diana's *Cantatrice*. "No clever transcripts of the dialogue of the day occurred," says Meredith; "no hair-breadth 'scapes, perils by sea and land, heroisms of the hero, fine shrieks of the heroine; no set scenes of catching pathos and humour; no distinguishable points of social satire—equivalent to a smacking of the public on the chaps, which excites it to grin with keen discernment of the author's intention. She did not appeal to the senses nor to a superficial discernment. So she had the anticipatory sense of its failure; and she wrote her best, in perverseness; of course she wrote slowly; she wrote more and more realistically of the characters and the downright human emotions, less of the wooden supernumeraries of her story, labelled for broad guffaw or deluge tears—the grappling natural links between our public and an author. Her feelings were aloof."

I do not say that Miss Frazer, for one, is unacquainted with this passage. But obviously she has not applied its principles in her criticism, or she does not believe these principles are legitimate, or she does not think Meredith followed them himself.

That Meredith's feelings are aloof in his novels is exactly what Miss Frazer denies. To her, Meredith is forever walking into things and interfering with logical development of characters and action. Meredith is a tyrant of the most absolute and abandoned order, and his adorable women are bond-slaves acting under diabolical compulsion.

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Later, Miss Frazer refers to "Meredith's greatest defect, in obdurately conforming his characters to a preconceived thesis. The defect lies, not in having a thesis to demonstrate, but in failing to demonstrate the thesis." In this paragraph the writer contradicts herself; for first she says Meredith's defect is thesis writing, then she says his defect is not thesis writing, but failure to demonstrate his theses. Taking the spirit of the passage rather than the letter, however, one concludes that Miss Frazer means to say that Meredith is justified in having theses if he demonstrates them.

I believe myself that the defect of the Meredithian novels as works of art *is* their thesis character. But I deny that Meredith fails to demonstrate his theses. He demonstrates them so completely in *Richard Feverel, One of Our Conquerors* and *The Amazing Marriage,* that disheartening tragedies result. I feel no more satisfaction in the death of Lucy and the discomfiture of Fleetwood than Miss Frazer does; but I see how Meredith carried out his theses to their "logical conclusions."

My own feeling towards Meredith's handling of his characters is that he does not control them enough to produce perfect art. But such was not his purpose. He was a poet reading and writing novels; a moralist and a philosopher scourging egoism and sentimentalism in men and pointing out a saner womanhood for women.

With all its beauty I cannot take *Richard Feverel* very seriously as a Meredithian production. Though it shows evidences of Meredith's philosophy of laughter, it is conditioned throughout by a sentimentalism of the author's own. I think that in defiance of his later theory of comedy he let Lucy die, not only for the thesis purposes involved in the "System," but to show that human love is vanity. The tragic note of this book, like that of *Modern Love,* was a result of Meredith's own unfortunate first marriage. *Modern Love,* however, is more Meredithian than *Richard Feverel;* for in it Love is exalted as an Ideal in spite of its failure between the husband and wife of the poem.

Miss Frazer, and most critics with her, cannot accept Diana as real after her betrayal of Dacier's state secret. Given Diana

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as Superwoman, according to Miss Frazer, this dismal piece of treachery is impossible. But "the reason for this distortion is apparent," says Miss Frazer: "the knot of the entanglement with Dacier must be cut; Dacier must be shown up as an unmitigated cad and shunted off the stage to make way for Redworth, who is lumpish, but very good." Now the truth is that Redworth *is* good, but not lumpish; and he is not put into the novel merely "to make a safe husband for Diana," as Miss Frazer says later.

Both Diana and Redworth develop according to the Meredithian theories, Diana as the woman of beauty and brains, Redworth as the worthy average man, both types that Meredith delighted, if possible, to honor. When Diana, Clara Middleton, Clotilde and Carinthia do unreasonable things, they do them as evolving Superwomen. Meredith is depicting women rising out of subjection to egoists and sentimentalists into a world of freedom, sane reason and purified emotion. They are without precedent to guide them; and now and again their old subject selves show darkly; or intellectual tyranny succeeds to emotional slavery—as in the case of Carinthia—and blinds them to mercy and love.

Meredith, in a word, wrote of men and women who grow strong in proportion as they conquer themselves and scourge and laugh sentimentalism out of one another. The greater the virtues of the character he drew, the greater its possible defects. His women are usually above or below normal, but all strive with him and nature and normal men towards normality. Several of his men are normal throughout—Vernon and Redworth, for example; and these men are the normal mates, not merely the "safe husbands," of his growing women.

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APOLLO INDICTED

WILL HUTCHINS

THE American student of the classics, by force of habit, clings to the nourishing breasts of Oxford and Cambridge. Weaned, he may take the stronger meat of Germany. The casual reader, with an interest in the antique muse, will still feed at the ancient sources. There is reason for this, quite apart from all considerations of scholarship. English cultivation of classical literature, almost from the time of Erasmus, has been identified with English poetry. English poets have tried to be scholars and English scholars have tried to be poets. It is not for us to scoff, however conspicuous may have been the occasional failures. We may, however, fairly question the authenticity of what may be called the Greek strain in English poetry.

The British poets have wooed the antique muse like the gentlemen they were, toiling abroad for her like Jacob for Rachel. Their advances have been not only politely ardent but even generous: in spite of her foreign birth they have offered her the comforting protection of the Englishman's home. They would make her their very own by showing her that their morality, even, is but the fulfilment of her own better moods. Mr. John Jay Chapman, in his summary of this highly proper wooing, omits what is perhaps the most touching, if not the most inspired lyrical tribute to the coy beloved. The blossom is happily preserved in that chaplet of Victorian sweetness, *The Second Golden Treasury*. It is a prophetic vision of wedded bliss.

> "Two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek."

Prophecy, it seems, has not found its fulfilment. The honied confluence, whenever achieved, is demonstrably an hallucination. The bride, like the Trojan Helen of Stesichorus, is but a phantom: her real self was out and away all the time. Hence, perhaps, her seeming tractability during her insular residence. To be sure we have been told that at least two plays, *Samson*

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Agonistes and *Atalanta in Calydon,* are really in the Greek spirit. If true, this would indicate a diversity in the operations of that spirit altogether astonishing. Neither Milton nor Swinburne, however, can typify the English poet-wooer: the one is more than English, the other less. Never will the Greek spirit bend to the narrow, if lofty, confines of Old Testament Puritanism. *Samson Agonistes* has every quality of great art, except the essential emotional impulse. It is unthinkable in a theatre of any period. *Atalanta,* on the other hand, is all emotion. Unsurpassed in loveliness, it lacks not only the restraint but also the inclusive breadth of the Greek drama. Both poems are impeccable in form, but in either case it is form superimposed from without, not organically growing from within, as Greek form always did. Swinburne, too, is disqualified as a pure type in that he seeks, not to woo the Greek spirit to England, but rather to lose himself in a mad renunciation of all that is English, except the language itself, and, like his own Meleager, sacrifice all to the fair stranger. Not so does the Englishman woo.

Our present concern is not so much with English imitations of Greek as with English interpretations. For all the apparent decline of Greek as a prescribed study, there is a fresh and growing interest in Greek literature, and especially in the Greek drama, if only in translation. We are rediscovering what the classrooms too often concealed within covers of editions-with-notes, that the Greek drama was written for popular enjoyment in the theatre, and that, for all its conventional reserve and religious function, the thing is joyful in its essence. Curiously enough, too, we witness a yearning reversion towards the sources of that drama in the symbolic dance. Young men and maidens, fired to holy emulation of the Grecian urn, are discarding the cramping conventions of the ball-room and the ballet to weave the spell of invocation with the splendor and speed of naked feet.

Euripides, to the majority of present day readers, is the Greek drama. We thank Gilbert Murray for much of this, if not all. Euripides would be much read in English, doubtless, particularly in Way's version, if Gilbert Murray had never written his inspired paraphrases, but he would not be the Euripides whose modern popularity suggests his hold on an earlier public,

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native to his genius. The other Greek tragic poets have missed their Gilbert Murray. Æschylus is all but untranslatable: his polyphonous sublimity of style and preponderance of involved chorus will keep him safely unapproached on his cloudy peak. He is ever for the few, as in the days when Euripides stole his palm away, in spite of Aristophanes. The determined reader will find in Blackie's translation a noble attempt, well worth studying, but it will hardly become a best-seller. Sophocles, the unapproached master of pure form, is equally impossible of translation for quite other reasons. His limpid clarity of speech and flawless construction in part and whole are a challenge,—and despair. Antiquity crowned him, sometimes, and turned its affections to the less perfect and warmer Euripides. Of all existing English translations of Sophocles, it may fairly be said that none is successful. The most nearly satisfactory is George Herbert Palmer's *Antigone,* and that succeeds by declining the challenge to verse. Its rhythmical prose, exemplary in its faithfulness to the text, moves with easy directness and true distinction; but it is not an equivalent in kind. Gilbert Murray's *Œdipus Rex* is noteworthy, but not Sophoclean. The younger Milton, perhaps, might have translated Sophocles. Be it understood we are speaking of translations of plays, versions which must stand the test of *vivâ voce* rendering. There are many scholarly translations in which verse is tortured to fit grammar and sentences are things strangely and wonderfully made. Spoken English verse, readily intelligible to the unfamiliar ear, is the unflinching demand. Gilbert Murray has stood the test on the practical stage.

In justice to Euripides, we must admit that his present cult is not altogether the result of inspired interpretation. He was a modernist in the Fifth Century B. C., and the enthusiast who tells us to-day that we are only beginning to overtake him exaggerates pardonably. We must consider matter as well as manner. Undoubtedly Euripides owed his early popularity to his emotional appeal in the theatre. He may fairly be called romanticist, both for his emotionalism and his carelessness of form. Naturalist, too, he seemed to his contemporaries, and his concrete realities were more interesting to the popular mind than

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the sublime abstractions of Æschylus or the perfect idealities of Sophocles. Inextricably interwoven with this romanticism are the threads of his thinking—feminism, rationalism and democracy. The artist-thinker is ever the most teasing problem of criticism. Euripides, whose art and thinking are so closely related that we cannot always differentiate them, still resists the attempt to pigeon-hole him under either head. Confusion results. He was, we are told, the prophet of theism; he wrote to undermine popular religion: he descended to satire; he dropped warm tears: he botched the sacrosanct Attic drama; he made the Attic drama throb with life to the farthest boundaries of Hellenism, assuming, as no single other poet did, the rôle of spokesman for the Attic genius. Evidently he will require a vehicle of broad gauge.

For the work of Gilbert Murray we are unfeignedly thankful. We hear him and rejoice. But,—and oh, the pity of it!—we need not even German scholarship to raise the ever-recurring question: Is it Euripides? An English Sophoclean has confessed, typically, that he "prefers Murray to Euripides." It is a pretty compliment, and a thrust. Who of us, thrilling to the music of his choruses, glimpsing therein the melting radiance of horizons wider than we had dreamed, has not turned with trembling eager fingers the pages of the text-with-notes, seeking, rashly, no doubt, to enter unattended the very presence of the god? With the help of the local guardian, and of our faithful companions Liddell and Scott, we are able to perceive the subtlety of Euripides, the sophistry, the emotion, even, but the vision does not always follow. Penitent, we reëngage the guide, but we cannot help asking ourselves whether his power of revelation is that of sympathetic insight or that of creative imagination.

To the casual reader, indeed, the Euripides of Gilbert Murray is God-intoxicated. We see, as in a mirage, Christian neo-Platonism rising above its yet-undiscovered bourne. But our guide points backwards as well as forwards. No one has more eloquently or more consistently carried us back to the primitive origins of Greek religion than he. The primitive in religion, it seems, is no less mystically significant than in art or sociology. As many an uneasy Protestant of to-day finds light and warmth

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to his soul in Harnack's studies of primitive Christianity, so do we, led by Murray's sympathetic learning, find refreshment at those earlier springs. Almost we can see the young-eyed Dionysus appear from his mountain home to lead the choric dance at the village festival of seed-sowing or harvest. Mother Earth becomes personal again. The theatre of Aristotle is forgotten in the immemorial drama of Persephone.

Euripides, the contemporary of Alcibiades, Aristophanes and Socrates, calls us back to facts. Plato is still a child. Not for many years yet will he show us the relation between Ideas and Things. Primitive origins are buried under the accretion of canonized deities. The village festival is now the established worship of state, with perquisites and emoluments. Anaxagoras, an earlier Galileo, has demonstrated that the movements of the heavenly bodies are mathematical, not personal. He has dared to submit the workings of the human soul to the analysis of an impious psychology. It is, as Mr. Chapman properly insists, an age of extreme sophistication. Euripides is not only in the age, but of it, a leader, in fact. If he were content merely to be an artist he would save us much trouble, but, unfortunately, he insists on taking an interest in public affairs, and expressing himself in his plays. Disregarding the traditional function of the theatre as a place for formal worship and the celebration of legends lying at the roots of our national institutions, he insists on treating the men and women of antiquity as if they were real people. What is worse, he treats the gods as if they were not only real but human. He tells us that we have created gods after our own image, and, to force the likeness, he makes them do quite terrible things. Respectable people are shocked at the things he dares to hint in his plays. He defends himself by saying that his gods are those of Homer. What are we coming to, anyway, when people dare to speak of Homer like that?

That is how the age of sophistication looks to us to-day. Indeed, after *The Frogs,* it would be difficult to overstate Euripides the Iconoclast. But Aristophanes was prejudiced. He has told us more about Euripides than Euripides has about himself. Not all of what he has told us is true. Then, as now, the critical mind was capable of being warped by prejudice. We are in

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continual danger of losing sight of the artist in the thinker. Euripides was artist enough to cover his tracks. We need not cite the Germans who have exercised themselves mightily over what Shakespeare meant. Take a more accessible case, Ibsen. Ibsen undoubtedly was a thinker of the most vigorous sort. His great prose dramas of the middle period are documents of protest and reform, if we may believe his exponents. At least he was dealing in the realities of modern life. When asked what *A Doll's House* meant, he shook his head ponderously and sighed: "I don't know." His contemporaries took umbrage at his supposed attacks on men and parties. He continued to urge principles. Finally he ended, as he had begun, in an aura of sheer poetry, and the disciples of reform called it dotage.

The *Bacchæ,* we like to think, was Euripides' valedictory. The dotage theory will not apply here, as the play is, in poetic power, unsurpassed. Is it a recantation, as some hold, the work of a man who has trifled with gods, brought at last face to face in the presence of nature with the insoluble mysteries of life, ending his career with a magnificent affirmation? Recantation or not, it stands in Gilbert Murray's version as a kind of lyrical *credo,* chanted mightily over the fragments of a crumbling theology. For all its cruelty, which equals the Old Testament at its goriest, the play exults in the joy of belief, with reason or without. The student of Greek religion, searching for truth in books, turns to Miss Harrison's *Prolegomena* only to find those splendid choruses transferred to her pages to become the high-lights of the picture.

The problem of the *Bacchæ* is not our present concern, although it must always remain a perpetual challenge. But it affords us, in passing, not only the most perfect example of Gilbert Murray's inspirational interpretation, but also a signal rebuttal of that method. The poet, with all apologies, cannot be trusted with these mysteries. Scholarship of a more judicial temper must arbitrate the claims of reason. Professor Verrall, better known to students than to the general reading public, presents the case for rationalism. Arguing from minute analysis of the text, he undermines the whole inspirational structure. The god is no god, but a rank impostor; the miracles are only

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tricks,—drugs or hypnotism. The lyrics are splendid, yes, but they are only the frenzy of the devotee, not the avowal of the poet's faith. The play, in short, is an exposure.

That Euripides, who was first of all a poet and a dramatist, wrote his best plays with the conscious intention of undermining popular belief in the gods, is a theory hardly compatible with poetic interpretation. Yet Gilbert Murray himself, when not in the act of poetic creation, cannot escape the apparent contradiction between the two faces of his idol. He observes—as who does not?—that the gods of Euripides are treated with familiarity. It is their humanity rather than their divinity which appears at short range. "'There are your gods,' he makes Euripides say, 'and your holy legends; see how you like them!' The irony is lurking in every corner, though of course the drama and romance come first."

Because both Murray and Verrall have agreed, with differences, in seeing in the *Ion* Euripides in his most critical mood, we may take the play as a test case. According to Verrall it is a complete exposure of the Delphic oracle as a fraud. It is, according to Murray, "of all the extant plays, the most definitely blasphemous against the traditional gods." "Is it," he asks, "a pious offering to Apollo the ancestor of the Ionian race? If so, why is Apollo the villain of the plot?" Common-sense reading of the play in its historical setting might decline the dilemma altogether. Euripides was not bound to be "pious." As for the villainy of Apollo, we have not yet been convinced that it exists. His conduct, to be sure, is not that of the exemplary English gentleman. A god, we would suppose, ought at least to be that. Verrall applies just that test to the Apollo of the *Alcestis* and is happy to grant him, in that instance, a clean bill of moral health, "although his tone is far from Olympian." Verrall's interpretation of the *Ion* is so radical that we may not state it until we have refreshed our memories of the play.

Apollo does not appear in person. Hermes speaks intimately of him in the prologue, but he is not necessarily an authorized mouthpiece. Like the rest of us, he wonders what will happen. The Pythian priestess speaks for the god in the action of the play. Athena, speaking *ex machinâ,* is his sponsor in the con-

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clusion. One astute critic has observed that Apollo pulls the wires all through the play. This, as it happens, is precisely what he does not do, else there had been no play. Euripides was enough of a dramatist and a humanist to believe in free will. His characters are not puppets.

Creusa, daughter of Erechtheus, the legendary founder of Athens, gathering flowers in a field near the city, was seized by Apollo and forcibly embraced in a cave. Concealing her pregnancy for fear and shame, she bore a son, secretly, in the same cave. Against the promptings of her better nature,—as she confesses later, when old emotions come surging up—she exposed the babe in his cradle, wrapping him in cloths of her own weaving, and placing about his neck the golden serpents, the traditional amulet of the family of Erechtheus. Apollo sent Hermes to rescue the babe, who was brought to Delphi and reared in the temple, ignorant of his parentage. Creusa, finding him gone, concluded that he had been devoured by birds or beasts. Conscious of her own wrong-doing, she heaped blame on the god, who would not care for his own. Later, after the death of Erechtheus, she was given in marriage to Xuthus, an Achæan general, himself of divine descent, although not an Athenian, in order that the royal line might be preserved. The marriage, unfortunately, has always been childless, and after many years the couple come to Delphi to consult the oracle touching their plight. Apollo, says Hermes, will answer their prayer by giving them Ion, Creusa's own son, not revealing his parentage. Here, of course, exposure begins. The god will not tell the truth. Hermes is not mistaken. The event is quite as he has foretold. Evidently even Apollo is subject to the laws of truth. There is nothing impious in that, Euripides might say.

The play opens with a hymn of worship by Ion himself. He is devoted to the temple rites, thoughtless of his origin, except for occasional wistful wonderings, and joyful in the only life he knows. His hymn is the worship of the virgin soul, as yet untried by experience. Creusa, entering, meets the boy, and from the first there is a mystic attraction between the two which begets mutual confidence. Concealing her own experience under that of a fictitious friend, she tells the story of Apollo's audacity. Ion

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is shocked, not only at the deed but at the impiety of telling it. Rudely awakened to a new aspect of his adored god, he debates with himself, more in question than assertion, the problem of immorality among the gods. The notorious amours of Father Zeus come to mind. Can the gods sin? Can they blame men for sinning when they themselves have set the example? It is the bitter struggle of the pious soul stung for the first time with the barb of scepticism. Like Hippolytus, Ion is not a prig. His piety and innocence are genuine, but the world of experience, which is to be revealed to him on this eventful day, includes much that has been apart from his life.

Now that we are ready for the action of the play, we may examine the premises. Euripides here, as always, is dramatically psychological. Motives are dissected. Souls are laid bare. We need not even attempt to distinguish between the poet and the characters. We are dealing with the relations of certain individuals, touching the actions of the god who does not appear. The attitude of Creusa and Ion towards Apollo is the real subject matter. Bearing this in mind we must distinguish between two acts of the god which are the springs of the visible action: first, his forcible embrace of Creusa, and second, his alleged neglect of the child. Creusa's bitterness is the result of years of brooding over these wrongs, not without self-accusation. But the plaint of the outraged maiden is almost, if not entirely, lost in that of the deserted mother. If we may cite the evidence of all fiction, ancient and modern, the second charge is the more serious in the eyes of the woman. Marriage sanctions, however fortified by law and morality, are, and have been, tinged with considerations of property right, but motherhood, legal or illegal, is unto God. Had Apollo been a gentleman he would have followed no such audacious course in the first place, or, having sinned, he would have given Creusa the comforting assurance that the child was safe: being merely a god, with the god's disdain for the humanity which will not trust him, he has allowed her to suffer. There was a touch of glory in the terror of his advance, flaming in the golden splendor of his sacred hair, in that sunny crocus field of long ago. The bitterness of years has not wholly eclipsed it. And we know, if Creusa does not, that

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the child has had the best of all possible protection during the tender years when the stigma of illegitimacy would have been a constant torment.

Xuthus comes from the shrine, joyful in anticipation, and claims Ion for his son. The oracle has declared that the first person he meets on emerging will be his own child. Here, say the moralists, we have the god as liar. A more accurate report of the oracle would probably give us, what Xuthus's garbled indirect quotation suggests, the time-honored ambiguity of the Delphic utterance. Ion, familiar with oracular sayings, calls it an enigma. Xuthus will have no uncertainty: Ion is his own begotten son. The lad tries to pry into the oracle with more direct language. Is he a son born, or a gift? "A gift and yet my own," says Xuthus, and the grammar makes it evident that the god had inserted the ambiguity. Ion, a little reluctantly, accepts his new father. Xuthus is affectionately disposed, and, after all, it is some satisfaction to have a real father, and a noble one at that. But who was his mother, since Creusa is childless? He was born out of wedlock? Yes, it seems so, although Xuthus had been ignorant of the fact. Ion's mother could have been no other than a certain Delphic bacchante. At least, then, she was not a slave. The lad is free-born.

The happy family shall return to Athens at once, and Ion shall assume his rightful place as heir to the throne. The prospect of this sudden promotion is not altogether alluring to the lad. The temple life has been simple but secure. Will the haughty Athenians welcome a foreign-born heir, without a drop of the royal blood? He doubts it. Xuthus is confident that the rites of birth, following the declaration of the oracle, will establish Ion's position. Enjoining secrecy on the chorus, he goes to direct the preparations for the banquet. Ion thinks of his still unknown mother, and goes out, resolving to find her.

Creusa's yearning fondness for the temple youth quickly turns to hatred when the chorus, with awful temerity, reveals the secret of the oracle. Shall Xuthus, then, foist upon the throne of Erechtheus, which is the rightful property of her own lost child, this fruit of his mad dissipation with a bacchante? In her despair she takes counsel with an old family servant who hap-

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pens to be in her train. The old man, who has always regarded Xuthus as an interloper, is only too glad to help to avert the calamity. The youth must die. The means are at hand in Creusa's own amulet, the golden serpents given by Athena to Erechtheus, now worn as bracelets. Affixed to the golden bands are the two drops of Gorgon's blood, original gifts of the goddess. One is a deadly poison, the other a potent antidote. The youth shall be poisoned directly he reaches Athens. Better here at Delphi, urges the confederate. It is arranged that the old man shall proceed to the banquet and, in the semblance of an attendant, slip the poison drop into Ion's cup. He takes the bracelet and goes.

At the fateful moment, we learn, Ion is prevented from drinking the poison by a pious thought which prompts him to pour the draught on the ground as a libation. At his suggestion the others do likewise. In sweep the sacred doves of the temple to drink the offering to the god. The dove at Ion's feet drops dead. The plot is detected. The old man is seized and forced to confess.

Upon the heels of the messenger comes the infuriated Ion with his followers, to be avenged on the woman who would do murder under the very eaves of the temple. Creusa gains the altar and claims sanctuary. Ion would drag her away by force, when the door opens and the Pythian priestess appears to intercept him. Cryptically she advises him to return in peace to Athens, and hands him the wicker cradle, still fresh, in which he had been brought to the temple, kept secretly by her, with foster-mother's care, through the years. The sight of the cradle turns Ion to tender thoughts of his own lost mother. To Creusa it means more. With a cry she throws her arms about her son. Bewildered, he resents her approach. She claims the right to tell what is in the cradle. Item by item she describes the unseen contents, the swaddling clothes, the embroidered shawl, the golden serpent necklace, duplicate of her own, and the fadeless olive branch. Ion's incredulity turns to joy, and the mutual recognition rises to ecstatic heights in a scene of great emotional power. But a cloud dims the lad's joy. For the second time to-day he has found a parent, but the two stories do not agree.

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If Creusa is his mother, who is his father? With no trace of the old resentment, but rather in lyric joy, Creusa reveals the paternity of Apollo. No stigma now! Ion accepts the revelation with equal joy. Then the cloud returns. What of the oracle? Is all this a coil of lies? Can Creusa be mistaken, or even guilty of fraud?

More than willing to believe the god now, Creusa expounds the oracle on grounds of expediency. Still stung with doubt, Ion turns to the temple. He will put the question to the god direct, when Athena appears to affirm Creusa's story and sanction her explanation of the oracle. It is enough that mother and son are restored to each other. Ion shall rule Athens as the nominal son of Xuthus. Further, to Creusa and Xuthus shall be born a son, Dorus, whose descendants shall be second only to the Ionians. The play ends in happiness for all.

Morality has observed that the god is a ravisher, a liar and a coward. The reader or spectator who likes to enjoy a play will probably forget the god altogether in the present and palpable joy of mother and son. If the oracle has been brought into question it is gloriously vindicated. So says A. E. Haigh, who has given us the most complete studies in English of the Greek theatre as an institution. Rationalism, however, is not to be hypnotized by this brilliant composition of alternating moods, with its culminating climax which brings the tears of joy if not the katharsis of terror. Verrall undermines the *Ion* quite as coldly as he does the *Bacchæ*. Ion, it seems, is not Creusa's son, but the illicit offspring of the priestess. The morality of conventual establishments is always, we are to suppose, open to suspicion. At the moment when Creusa's plot against Ion is discovered, it becomes necessary to find means to forestall the threatened murder in reprisal which will vastly discredit the oracle as a business proposition. So the wicker cradle and its contents are hastily prepared. The evidence, in terms of modern knavery, is " framed up." Creusa is only too glad to avail herself of any means of escape from death. The freshness of the cradle and the swaddling clothes, carefully pointed out by the priestess as miraculous proof of Apollo's loving care, is to be explained by their obvious newness. The olive branch is fadeless because

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plucked within the hour. The most ingenious link in this chain of evidence is the amulet. The golden necklace produced from the cradle is of course the bracelet given by Creusa to the old man and taken from him at his seizure. Really, as canny modern play-goers of the latter part of the Fifth Century B. C., we ought to recognize an obvious "plant" when we see it! Why else was the thing so carefully explained on its first appearance?

Verrall knows perfectly well that a deliberate exposure of popular religion would not have been tolerated in the Attic theatre, even from Euripides. The exposure is carefully hidden behind a surface piety. The play may be compared, he says, for modern analogy, to Zola's *Lourdes,* "if the author's only efficient way of publication had been to shape it as a play, to be performed between *Athalie* and *Esther* in the nave of Notre Dame."

All modern comparisons are misleading. Euripides is no more comparable to Zola than to the liberal minister preaching his appropriate sermon at Christmas or Easter, in the traditional order of praise and prayer, although he unfeignedly disbelieves the Virgin Birth and questions the historicity of the Resurrection, evading the issue by exalting the gospel above the dogma. The fallacy of all such comparisons lies in the fact that our modern religious ideation, no matter how sophisticated, is inevitably conditioned by long ages of speculative dogma requiring intellectual assent, even *quia impossibile*. Greek religion had no such condition. Practically, it may have been a *quid pro quo* arrangement. Its essential value and character were artistic. Art and religion, to the Greek mind, were one. Together they constituted an interpretation of life in the only terms the human heart could readily comprehend,—gods in man's image.

Euripides, we are permitted to conclude, was an artist and a Greek. The gods were for him, as for any other artist, an essential part of a living language, not the results of a formulated speculation. True, they presented problems. Sophistication gave to his human characters a vivid actuality nearer to the facts of every-day life than were the abstractions of Æschylus and the idealizations of Sophocles. His gods, by the law of harmony, were brought into the same sharp focus. What they

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lose in majesty they gain in human sympathy. The Hercules of the *Alcestis* is more super-man than demi-god. How we love him! Sympathetic reading is bound to find in Euripides, not a reaction against his environment, but a step in the definite evolution of form which proceeded naturally from the literature of the Homeric age to that of Plato. The poet comes not to destroy but to fulfil. A French critic, with more poise than prejudice, has observed that the poet has treated the Ion myth "*en souriant.*" So, too, will Plato, who is the link between the Greek genius and modern thought, smile as he transforms ancient myths into universal truth. Plato, like Euripides, is best comprehended as a poet.

Morally, the Greek gods must be allowed to remain outside the penal code. Apollo, Dionysus and Aphrodite can never be made amenable to foot-rule morality. Who would censure the blithe deities of *L'Allegro* or *Il Penseroso?* But, it is objected, those are mere metaphors, the shadows of things, too filmy for moral judgment. The Greek gods are metaphors, too, but metaphors so deep-rooted in the primal mysteries of life that they are more real than apparent reality. They are the light rather than the shadow. Aphrodite, from Homer to Maeterlinck, is not only a mystery, but a mystery which compels awe and adoration. No amount of sophistication can explain away the mysteries of life. We substitute the algebraic formulæ of science for the gods of ancient song, but we are not thereby nearer the final answer. The will to worship is at the root of all poetry, and the will to worship persists through whatever critical processes may come and go. The poets of scepticism, from Euripides to Shelley and Swinburne, sweep bare their Olympus only to people it afresh.

> "I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

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THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL

BEATRICE REDPATH

LANGUID thou art, lulled to such depth of sleep,
Pale body, where within I did abide,
Closed eyes, still hands, and lips that silence keep
Since I have risen, casting thee aside.

Long hast thou agonized that thou must lie
All silently, with thy long travail done:
Greatly it grieved thee that the flesh should die,
Even though my eternity be won.

Still hands that giving were so oft denied,
Tired feet that trod with little ease the day:
Canst thou not, resting now, be satisfied,
Seeing thy soul go shining on its way?

I am made strong by that which tried thee so,
By loves and hates and by thy grieving fears,
I am grown strong and splendid by thy woe,
And thou hast shrived me in thy fallen tears.

But now like to a harassed wind-blown leaf
Thou fallest, softly, with no stir nor sound,
For thou wert but the close enshielding sheaf
Which for an earthly space my spirit bound.

So fully thou hast served me through the years
That now unwitheringly I arise,
Disdainful even of the pendent spheres
That seemed eternal to thy witless eyes.

I shall endure what time the flagrant sun
Is but a crumbling handful of spent dust,
When the globed worlds their silvern course have run
And into long oblivion are thrust.

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Ah, be thou satisfied that I endure
  Beyond the world, that must suffice for thee:
For by thy passions thou hast made so sure
  I shall arise to immortality.

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THE DREAM ASSASSINS

Rollo Peters

Evening has spread a crimson carpet in the sky. The grey bastions of the castle reach like gripping hands into the bowels of the town, drawing its wealth, its very life up into its beetling towers. The ramparts and the jagged roofs are sharp and black across the reddened Heavens. . . .

In a dim place between high old houses two men are talking. Their whispers hang crisp and thin in the stillness. . . .

FIRST MAN

Four ducats for thee and six for myself.

SECOND MAN

Aye, and hard earned. I am new at killing.

FIRST MAN

Thou art white-hearted. Why dost thou tremble? He is well dead.

SECOND MAN

I shall always see his face. It was livid as the moon in its fulness . . . Oh . . .

FIRST MAN

Ssh, thou art a fool. The Duke is wisest in this land.

SECOND MAN

His lips twisted as I struck. These ducats are hard earned.

FIRST MAN

Silence. She walks upon the ramparts. Look, upon the highest tower.

SECOND MAN

Oh, how lofty it is! How sheer the black wall rises!

FIRST MAN

Yet did he climb that steep ascent. There are no lower doors.

SECOND MAN

She is looking for him across the darkening land. . . .

FIRST MAN

And in a narrow, granite-cobbled street he lies; his blood drips wasting in the gutter. . . . I have ne'er killed one so young before.

SECOND MAN

Oh, how still she stands. She is alone. How sweet her smile is.

FIRST MAN

She will sleep in the Duke's bed to-night and her women will pour honeyed waters on her hair.

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SECOND MAN

The ending light shines full upon her face. Her eyes are full of tearful dreams. . . .

FIRST MAN

She is sick with dreams. She is a false, lewd woman.

SECOND MAN

She is very young. . . .

FIRST MAN

Dreams haunt her—fill her eyes with bitter waters.

SECOND MAN

She is smiling as she dreams of him, and in a narrow street. . . .

FIRST MAN

She cannot see into these mean streets. Her eyes are blinded by the glamour of the skies.

SECOND MAN

These ducats are heavy in my hand. . . .

FIRST MAN

She is dying of dreams.

SECOND MAN

I would I had never known thee.

FIRST MAN

And one of her dreams is dead. When dreams die is the dreamer ended, too. . . .

SECOND MAN

She will miss him; she will ache for him. . . .

FIRST MAN

She is dying of dreams. She is a false, lewd woman.

SECOND MAN

She has moved. She stands against the burning ruby of the sun.

FIRST MAN

The chill of evening is closed down. I will to my dwelling. I am hungry. I have earned six ducats well.

SECOND MAN

It will be a cold, cold night. These money-pieces are burning in my palm like the hot tears which she will weep. . . .

FIRST MAN

The sun has slipped into the night. Is she gone down into the halls?

SECOND MAN

No. She is standing wistful in the gloom. Her eyes . . .

FIRST MAN

Thou shalt earn many ducats. She is dying of dreams. . . .

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CORRESPONDENCE

Freshmen and Professors

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—My very innocent and very short article on *Some Aspects of Freshman Knowledge* in the December FORUM evidently impressed Mr. Stansell of Ottawa University as being substantially not true to the evidence. At least this seems to be the conclusion that he hints at in his *Some Other Aspects of Freshman Knowledge*. He also hints pretty broadly that because I happen to have had a certain amount of graduate training both in America and abroad, I must therefore be a pedant and a typical Ph.D. teacher of the nose-to-the-grindstone type. I hope I am neither one thing nor the other. And because I was rash enough at the time to confess my tender age of twenty-eight years—since then I have had a birthday—he dubs me, at least by inference, as an inexperienced teacher, a teacher quick in his conceit of much knowledge to draw hasty conclusions upon very scant evidence. To be sure, I based my article upon results obtained in a class of twenty-five. But, as I was careful to explain at the time, the group was in every particular a typical one and represented a fair average of what any freshman class in composition is likely to be in any institution in the country. Further investigation, with other classes and with larger groups, has but confirmed my first impressions. (Incidentally, I may say that I have been teaching five years to Mr. Stansell's four, and that at present my students in composition number over ninety. I may not be very experienced, but I am hardly a tyro.)

Mr. Louis How in *Reedy's Mirror* also took occasion to doubt some of my conclusions. As I replied to Mr. How at the time, and as I say now to Mr. Stansell: there is something rotten in the Denmark of our teaching. If we wish to establish another ideal of culture where the amount of general information such as is common to both newsboy and the motorman through the medium of the daily papers is the standard, then I shall be willing to accept such an ideal—if such an ideal is the legitimate and universal demand of modern life. But if we are to accept the present ideal of culture, as established now through several centuries of practice and modification, and if we are to continue to demand at least a passable amount of information and understanding concerning literature and the liberal arts, then let us inquire why we are constantly meeting with students who do not know what they are supposed to know, who look upon culture and all it connotes as a thing foreign and outside their necessities. If something is wrong with our ideal, change it. If something is wrong with our methods of teaching, change our methods. That there is

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something somewhere wrong, my article, as well as "those numerous others" to which Mr. Stansell refers, abundantly proves.

CLINTON J. MASSECK

ST. LOUIS

Appreciation

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—One individual's opinion neither makes nor breaks a publication—periodical or otherwise—but if every one withheld his opinion, would you know the opinion of the public?

Hence and therefore, allow me to express my approval and intense satisfaction with the contents of recent copies of THE FORUM.

I believe and hope the thinking public is now ready to consider such views of the medical question as are presented by Helen S. Gray; of the poet's work and art as shown by Horace Holley; and the noticeable "open-to-conviction" attitude of the contributors generally.

With congratulation and hoping your work and influence along similar broad lines may progress and strengthen.

E. O. RICHBERG, M.D.

CHICAGO

Peace with Honor

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have watched with careful attention your editorial comments since the beginning of the war. Naturally, like all reasonable people, I believe in peace and in the propagation of the ideas that will sooner or later bring peace within the scope of practical politics. But may I ask whether you are fighting for peace with honor, or for peace at any price?

W. J. HOMER

NEW YORK

[If you had read my editorials as carefully as you say you have done, you would not need to ask this question. No man can believe in peace with dishonor. But there may be some doubt as to whether honor and vanity are not occasionally confused. The cost of war, under modern conditions, is so terrible, that the price of peace would willingly be paid by all nations, if all nations were civilized and could trust one another.—Editor].

A Correction

A letter under the heading *Passion and Purity,* in the May issue, was erroneously attributed to M. M. DEDERER, who was in no way responsible for it. The proper signature should have been J. ALLEN.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

For Humanity

NO fault can justly be found with the second American Note to the German Government in connection with the questions brought to a focus by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Less striking, superficially, than the first Note, which instantly won the admiration of the nation, it is still a splendid expression of the attitude of this country. Its temperate but firm phrasing, its manifest desire to avoid mere offensiveness and yet not to avoid the clear issues involved, must commend it to all who can consider grave problems without being unduly influenced by the excitement of the passing hour. The President's policy has been consistent, and should prove successful: but whatever the immediate result may be, a new standard in international diplomacy has been set. The insistence upon the principles of humanity, and not simply upon local interests, is in itself a memorable protest against the degradation of twentieth century civilization. The evident desire to take any reasonable opportunity, even now, to ameliorate the terrible conditions of the war, is another most welcome feature.

The chief danger is that the Note may be misunderstood by German diplomatists. The strength that pervades it is accentuated by the absence of acrimony. The resolute purpose that it indicates will be carried out unswervingly. It is sincerely to be hoped that the German Government will recognize that suavity and strength may go together, and that the country will not recede in the slightest degree from the position that it has been compelled to take, in the interests of all civilized humanity.

William Jennings Bryan

MR. BRYAN'S resignation of his office has evoked some caustic criticism, which has scarcely been deserved, so far as present conditions indicate. In the face of many obstacles and many inconsiderate taunts, the former Secretary of State did his best to promote the interests of peace between this country and all

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other nations. His arbitration treaties, so much ridiculed by the narrow-minded, constitute a very valuable achievement. Few have been sanguine enough to believe that war could be finally eliminated, until men have been so educated that they will recognize the criminality of international strife. But every step publicly taken by the statesmen of a country to make war in general less probable, is most surely a step forward, and the conscience of the world must note and approve what has been done, even though it is not yet prepared to carry precept into full practice.

One or two men, and one or two Governments, cannot guarantee durable results unless other Governments are actuated by similar principles and are prepared to give effect to those principles, even at the cost of some temporary national loss. A nation or a ruling caste that is bent upon war can coerce the most unwilling of peoples or Governments into fighting, or submitting to ignominious conditions. Yet if one great nation should dare to behave consistently as a Christian nation, accepting the consequences,—the material loss, the blows to vanity, the jeers of the ignorant,—the result to the whole world might be electrifying.

It is not pleasant, however, for a nation to be forbearing, long-suffering, entirely just, and to be rewarded by a mere accusation of cowardice: for the bully, the militarist, is rarely able to see the fineness in great men or great measures. While some countries are controlled by such bullies, it is natural to depart a little from the strict way of perfection and insist that acts of wilful aggression shall cease. But Mr. Bryan, like Lord Morley of Blackburn in the British Cabinet, was justified in resigning when he found that he could not carry his ideals into effect. If he had been indispensable to the Administration, he might have been urged to place patriotism even before peace. But he was not indispensable, and the chief mistake that he made was in omitting to resign at an earlier date, when the President's policy was made explicit in the masterly note that the Secretary of State signed.

There has been a good deal in Mr. Bryan's career that has not commended itself to all of his fellow-countrymen, and the comments that have been made on his recent action have been

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somewhat colored by previous antipathies. But the verdict of the moment may not be the judgment of history. A very able man has given up his office for the sake of principles that he holds to be essential. Those who differ from him in their views of the present situation should none the less be willing to admit that a man of ideals, and with the courage to make those ideals into a living issue, is not a disgrace to the country. The assertion that Mr. Bryan has been simply playing a political game, with a view to another presidential candidacy, cannot be accepted unless future events should make the incredible credible. That may happen; but, if so, the reward of treachery will be appropriate. In the meantime, the President, who has crystallized the conscience of the nation, may rely upon unswerving support.

The British Working-Man

APPARENTLY, from the point of view of some of the British working-men, the British Empire is now taking part in a picnic—a somewhat rowdy picnic, but with nothing really important involved. War-times have in many instances brought war-wages—without the real hardships of war; and peace-time drinking must be increased to keep pace with cash possibilities. For many a long year, the working-man has been accustomed, in some districts, to spend his Saturday night, his Sunday, and his Monday, in a state of alcoholic stupor: his efficiency for the rest of the week may readily be estimated. Now, when multitudes are risking their lives under incredible conditions for the ultimate security of their country, the working-man, provincialized, drugged, stupefied, can see no further than his last week's wages and his last —and next—debauch.

The situation is disgusting. The world is making history on an unprecedented scale. The British workman is content to make himself drunk. But there must be many hundreds of thousands who will resent, and do all in their power to remove, this stigma. Any organized and intelligent opposition to militarism would be considered with respect and a supreme desire not to misunderstand. But mere selfishness and ignorance are scarcely in keeping with the heroism that has been shown by the armies

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at the front. If those armies must suffer irremediably through the indulgence of men who have not tried to realize the supreme gravity of conditions, an enormous responsibility and an indelible stain will rest upon certain sections of working-men. At such a time as this, trade unions and labor organizations should use every effort to avoid, and not to manufacture, dissension. Only one form of striking should be possible—against, and not for, the enemy. A personally conducted tour of labor leaders to some of the devastated regions of Belgium and Poland might bring home to them the realities of war, from which, so far, they themselves have been practically immune. It might teach them not to quarrel about pennies when their national existence is at stake.

A Prophet, not without Honor

"YOU will live to see it; I shall not. I am too old, not in spirit, but in years. I shall not see Armageddon. But, with all the talk of peace, the signs of the times are for war."

George Meredith was speaking, some months before his death in 1909.

"I am by temperament an optimist," he continued. "I believe in the future of the race, in the progress of mankind, and in the inviolability of the soul. But I am a pessimist in one direction, because I see looming in the distance, not the very far distance, a great tragedy, the Armageddon of Europe. You belong to the generation of thunder and lightning: Europe a medley of blood and thunder! . . .

"We in Britain need a great stirring up, a great crisis, to rehabilitate the qualities of our race." Militarism in Germany would "produce a sort of barbaric courage, dead to all the higher instincts of man. War waged by a nation obsessed by militarism will be horrible and ruthless."

An Improved Time-Table

A NOTE in the April number of THE FORUM drew attention to the unnecessary asterisks and similar signs that disfigure many time-tables. It is pleasant to see that the New York, New

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Haven and Hartford Railroad Company has issued a new schedule with all the useless signs omitted. Almost every train, Sunday and weekday, has been affected, and the only marks that remain give information that is essential. Even little things can indicate a desire for efficiency, and the management may be congratulated on the simple change that will manifestly tend to the greater convenience of all travellers on the line.

Sex after Death

SOME time ago, Mr. Norman Pearson wrote very interestingly on this interesting subject. Maintaining that the chief purpose of the physical organism is to serve as an instrument for psychical development, he finds in a careful study of the evolution of physical sex sufficient warrant for the conviction that sex will endure after death—that "every human being will have a male or a female soul," by which he means a soul endowed with the mental and moral attributes which distinctively characterize men and women. "Many of the qualities now distinctive of sex," he points out, "have a value which is wholly independent of the physical function of reproduction, and consequently there is no reason why they should perish merely because the soul becomes dissociated from the body." The view thus enunciated does not run counter to the Biblical assurance that "in the Resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage." Some continuance of sex in the life beyond seems indispensable to the fulfilment of our dearest hopes. "If there is to be recognition between souls, it is imperative that their essential qualities should persist."

White Bread

IF the accusations that are constantly being made against ultra-refined foods are correct—and they appear to be incontrovertible—the persistence of white bread as a staple diet is perplexing. Do ordinary or extraordinary people still eat to live, or live to eat? A little attention to the elementary principles of food-values would result in a large difference in the average menu.

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Car Routes

PERSISTENCE is sometimes a virtue. We therefore point out, and shall point out again until the necessity for such criticism is removed, that the suggestion in THE FORUM some time ago that every car route should have a distinctive number was a good suggestion. The lines in New York could easily be brought up to date in at least one detail, to the exceeding profit of the public. A clear numeral, indicating each route, should be exhibited by every car on that line. It would be absurd to go more fully into the advantage of such a system.

Atrocities

IN war-times, there are always allegations of atrocities. But there are rarely such considered indictments as have been formulated by the committee presided over by Viscount Bryce, who is so well, and for such just reasons, remembered in this country.

The conclusions from the report are reprinted here.

"The Committee have come to a definite conclusion upon each of the heads under which the evidence has been classified.

"It is proved—

"1. That there were in Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.

"2. That in the conduct of the war generally innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated and children murdered.

"3. That looting, house burning and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German Army, that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general intimidation.

"4. That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire,

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to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.

"Sensible as they are of the gravity of these conclusions, the Committee conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries."

Contributors and Stamps

IT is curious that so many contributors who enclose stamps with their manuscripts, instead of a stamped and addressed envelope, seem to desire to make the stamps as adhesive as possible, so that when they are withdrawn from the manuscript to which they have been attached, only a modicum of gum remains for future use. It is quite simple, and takes no more time, to insert the stamps under the paper-fastener, where they are kept securely in place, and can be used, unmutilated, for their proper purpose if it should be necessary to return the contribution.

German Faith

GERMAN faith, like Punic faith, has become so notoriously unreliable that it is strange that the German Chancellor should profess to be pained and surprised that Italy could not accept his indorsement of Austrian promises to make territorial concessions after the war was over. Italy knew that if the Teutonic Allies lost it would be impossible for them to carry out any obligations to which they had committed themselves, diplomatically. If they should win, and so could dominate the world, it is at least open to doubt whether they would give effect to promises that they might fairly claim had been exacted from them under conditions that they would not consider binding in the event of victory.

Italy has chosen her own course, after full reflection. Whether she should have taken decisive action earlier or later, is a matter of individual opinion. But she can scarcely be blamed for not relying upon guarantees that have already been proved to be worthless.

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The British Coalition Cabinet

THE new Government in Great Britain is essentially a national Government, and though the conditions of its inception were not altogether admirable, it may be able to teach the world some valuable lessons with regard to the futility of party prejudices, especially in a time of grave danger. Canadians, who have done so much for the Empire in which they are still proud to be included, will note with natural pleasure the appointment of Mr. Bonar Law to the important office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is not fitting now that those who owe allegiance to King George, at home or in the Over-sea Dominions, should particularly consider the future Constitution of their world-wide empire. But when the war is over, the relations of the different members of the English-speaking community will necessarily be readjusted. Mr. Bonar Law may help to carry to a satisfactory conclusion the task that Joseph Chamberlain partially misunderstood.

In the meantime, it is permissible—or is it premature?—to congratulate the Admiralty upon the substitution of Mr. Balfour for Mr. Churchill. Mr. Balfour made many enemies and many friends during the years when he so vigorously gave effect to his mistaken policy with regard to Ireland; but he has at least the habit of efficiency, unless comparative leisure has made him careless—a contingency that is not probable. Mr. Winston Churchill has atoned for some of his many faults by his attitude since the reorganization of the Cabinet. He has great talents, and grave faults. With a little more imagination, and a little less egotism, he might have become—and may still become—the dominating figure in British politics. But he requires the discipline of adversity—and he is accepting it at present very gracefully.

The other changes in the Cabinet are not of great interest. It would seem that Lord Haldane has not been treated quite fairly, while the value of Mr. Austen Chamberlain still remains to be proved. But the principle of coalition is more important than the mere details involved in giving it concrete illustration. Those who now control the destinies of the British Empire should try to combine imagination with industry, and meet new problems with still newer inventions.

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